

# The TATLER

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# THE TATLER

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Barker

## The O'Malley—Mountbatten Wedding

Captain Hamilton O'Malley, Irish Guards, and Lady Iris Mountbatten were married at St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church, Hayward's Heath, and were photographed afterwards with her parents, the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke, whose only daughter she is. Captain O'Malley is the eldest son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Middleton O'Malley-Keyes of Ross House, Westport, Ireland, and Mrs. O'Malley-Keyes, of Castel Meretmont, Biarritz. Lady Iris O'Malley, who wore powder blue with silver fox trimmings for her wedding, is a second cousin of the King. Her grandmother, Princess Beatrice, and her parents are now living at Brantbridge Park, Balcombe, Sussex. from which the wedding took place





# Way of the War

By "Foresight"

## Admirals at the Helm

CONTROL of French affairs is passing more and more into the hands of the Navy. After eight or nine Cabinet changes since Marshal Pétain first formed his Government, Admiral Darlan is found occupying nearly as many ministries as once were held by Mussolini in his Fascist State. Admiral Darlan is now Vice-Premier, Minister of Marine, Foreign Minister and Minister of the Interior. He is also Under-Secretary for Information and Propaganda. At the Ministry of Marine he is assisted by Admiral Leluc. Another sailor, Admiral Caton, is Minister of Colonies. Admiral Abrial, of Dunkirk fame, is Resident-General of Algiers, while Admiral Esteva holds the similar position of authority in Tunis.

It is, of course, Hitler's wish that Marshal Pétain should be retained as head of the State as a national figure in whom the people continue to repose some confidence. But equally he wishes to deprive the Marshal of the power to interfere in matters of policy. Hitler hopes that Admiral Darlan will prove amenable to carrying through an essential part of German policy; that is to say the granting of concessions in the Mediterranean which would place French bases and French ships at Germany's disposal.

With Marshal Pétain relegated to a role similar to that occupied by Hindenburg during the earlier part of the Nazi regime in Germany, Hitler should be able to get his way. But nobody believes that Admiral Darlan is, in

fact, prepared to hand over the Navy, and indeed an important part of his warships have already left the Mediterranean and are based at French African ports on the Atlantic seaboard.

## Franco as Go-between

As I write no reliable news has yet come through on the recent conversation between General Franco and Marshal Pétain on the former's return from a visit for consultation with Mussolini. Well-informed observers have pointed out that though General Franco in fact went to the French-Italian frontier to meet Mussolini, the discussion was held at the Duce's urgent request. And, but for practical difficulties, would have taken the form of an Italian visit to Spain. Since in present circumstances it would have been impossible for Mussolini to travel through non-occupied France, General Franco was prepared to make that part of the journey himself. There seems to be little doubt that Mussolini's main idea was to secure a road of escape through French North Africa for the shattered remnants of his army so soundly beaten by General Wavell.

As yet we do not know whether Franco agreed to act as the mouthpiece for the suggestion to Marshal Pétain. On the whole it seems improbable that Pétain and General Weygand, commanding in North Africa, would agree to allowing the hated Italian troops free passage through Tunisia and Algeria, and thence to increase by a further three or more

divisions the already strong and well-equipped Spanish army assembled in Morocco.

Indeed, unless there is some unexpected development, it looks as though the remainder of Graziani's army now in Tripoli is trapped between the advancing British and the non-belligerent but hostile French. Mussolini may, of course, be able to get these divisions back across the Mediterranean to Sicily. But Admiral Cunningham and the R.A.F. are keeping a close watch on that channel and the operation would be at least as hazardous as the evacuation of the B.E.F. from Dunkirk.

## War of the Islands

INCREASINGLY one sees the important part played by islands in the present war. The German dive bombers in Sicily will certainly be a menace to the British Mediterranean line of communication. Similarly the British forces now in the Greek island of Crete are sitting astride any potential Axis line from the Black Sea or Aegean attempting to by-pass Turkey with the object of occupying Syria or Palestine. Those countries are of course primarily of importance to the Axis because through them run the two pipe lines which bring the bulk of the oil required for the British forces of sea, land and air operating in the Middle East.

British Cyprus is another important island lying on that route. So, also, are the Dodecanese, clustered along the western shore of Turkey, held and fortified by Italy. Italian air operations against Suez and other important British objectives in that part of the world would be greatly hampered if Britain could occupy those island bases.

Groups of islands like the Azores and the Canaries are also playing their part in the struggle for communications across the Atlantic, but for the moment one's attention is drawn to the activities of that other island kingdom, Japan, and her obvious designs on the supplies which she could draw from the East Indies were these in her hands. Towards the end of last week it looked as though the stiff reaction of London and Washington to Japanese threats against Malaya and the East Indies had had a restraining influence in Tokyo.

It is a curious paradox that Japan, a maritime power, should allow her policy to be controlled almost exclusively by soldiers, while beaten France, essentially a continental land power, should be entrusting so much of her future to sailors.

## Japan's Anxious Admirals

THERE have been many occasions in the past when the Japanese admirals have urged most strongly against adventures which would bring their country into open conflict with Britain and the United States, but they were almost invariably overruled by the generals who, for some years now, have had the bit between their teeth and are apparently able on most occasions to get their own way. It seems that the Japanese soldiers are quite unversed in questions of naval strategy and are unable to see the dangers which are very clearly understood by the admirals.

In these circumstances, Prince Konoye is obviously having a difficult time, especially since he is being urged and persuaded by a host of German agents and envoys to embark on the southern adventure against Britain at the same moment as Hitler develops his next European offensives.

## Italy Under the S.S.

RELIABLE news from Italy suggests more and more strongly the urgent desire of that country to get out of the war. Germany is equally determined that there shall be no ratting on this occasion, and by all accounts the country is now very fully occupied by the German S.S. There is no evidence that regular



An International Audience for Tank "Rough-Riding"

When the Prime Minister saw tanks and other armoured vehicles demonstrating their capabilities over rough country, General Sikorski, the Polish Commander, and General de Gaulle, Commander of the Free French, watched with him. They were photographed, with two British generals, in front of one of the guns which took part in the demonstration





#### Luncheon for the Governor-Designate of Burma

The Chinese Ambassador, Dr. Quo Tai-chi, sat next to Colonel Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, guest of honour at the luncheon given last week by the East India Association and the Royal Empire Society. Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith goes to Burma as Governor in May, succeeding Commander the Hon. Sir Archibald Cochrane. He is a former Minister of Agriculture, and has been liaison officer between Home Defence forces and Government Departments since last year. Lady Dorman-Smith was also at the luncheon, at which Mr. L. S. Amery, Secretary for India and Burma, presided

German Army formations have arrived in any considerable numbers. To the lay observer it is not easy nowadays to distinguish the S.S. from the regular army, for it is at least as well equipped, having its own tanks, artillery and so forth.

Actually, there is considerable significance in the character of this German occupation of Italy. Assuming the information I have just stated to be correct, it would be a reasonable inference that while Hitler has no intention of allowing Italy to run out of the war, he equally is not going to use up his army in an eleventh-hour attempt to retrieve Italy's own losses in North Africa, although he would of course like to break the British line of communication through the Mediterranean. If he decides to attack Greece from the north, it will be to establish still further German control over all Europe rather than to help to retrieve Italy's shattered prestige. Britain remains the principal enemy.

#### Balkan Manœuvres

By the time these notes appear there may have been fresh light from the Balkans on the real meaning of the new agreement between Turkey and Bulgaria. Originally it was designed to give encouragement to the Bulgars in the hope that they would join with Turkey in resisting the Axis drive into the Balkans. It was hoped to remove Bulgarian fears of Turkey's ultimate intentions, and one had understood, while the negotiations were dragging on, that certain very secret exchanges of view were taking place between the Turkish and Bulgarian Staffs. But it certainly appears that the pro-German elements in the Bulgarian High Command were all along too strong for those who favoured backing the Allies for ultimate victory.

To those whose eyes are not temporarily blinded it has been obvious since last October that Germany was being allowed to prepare Bulgaria for eventual occupation as a further advanced striking base for operations against Britain and her Allies.

There are no grounds for thinking that President Ieunu or his Government have

relaxed in their determination to give aid to Britain and to enter the war whenever they consider that Turkey's vital interests are threatened. The Turkish Ambassador in London, Dr. Rustu Arras, has always insisted that Turkey would be bound to fight to prevent the Axis from occupying the head of the Ægean, and notably Salonika.

It seems pretty clear that Hitler is anxious to complete the Balkan operation which he has in mind without involving the Turks, and there is no doubt that Stalin and Molotov in Moscow

are continuing most strongly to urge the Turkish Government against any precipitate action which would make war in Eastern Europe inevitable.

In many responsible quarters now one hears the question raised afresh whether, after all, the latest Russo-German Agreement concluded shortly after Molotov's visit to Berlin, was not more far reaching than had at first been supposed. Should that be the case, and again with oil in mind, the attitude of Iraq becomes increasingly important. An unpleasant situation has been developing there under the influence of German propaganda. This recently forced two of the strongest and most pro-Allied members of the Government to resign their posts and flee the country.

#### Importance of Iraq

THE appointment at such a moment of a new British Ambassador to Baghdad, Sir Kinahan Cornwallis, is therefore of special interest. Sir Kinahan had a long and distinguished career in the Diplomatic Service, a great part of which was spent in the Middle East. He had retired from the Service, but on the outbreak of war wrote to the Foreign Office offering his services. It is a strange commentary on the way our affairs were handled at that time that the reply to his letter came in an envelope addressed to "K. Cornwallis, Esq.," containing a formal acknowledgment with a recommendation that the recipient should put his name down with the local Labour Exchange.

"K. Cornwallis, Esq." has, however, been working for the past year or more in a department of the Foreign Office concerning itself specially with Middle East affairs. His appointment as Ambassador to Iraq is made on Mr. Eden's personal initiative. The Foreign Secretary, it will be recalled, in his earlier years made a special study of the Middle East and its languages. He was quickly able to appreciate Sir Kinahan's complete grasp of the present problem as it affects British interests, and decided that the right thing was to appoint him immediately as successor to Sir Basil Newton.



#### A Quartet of Cavalrymen

These four officers of the 17th/21st Lancers are Major Sir Digby Warren, Bt., Major H. C. Walford, the polo international, Colonel G. T. Hurrell, with his Labrador Spey, and Major the Hon. R. G. Hamilton-Russell, eldest surviving son of Viscount Boyne. His elder brother, who was in the Grenadier Guards, was killed in action last year.



# Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

Exile—and "The Road to Frisco"

FIRST, a few words about exiles, the point of which will become obvious provided the reader perseveres until obviousness is reached. "I like your writing," somebody said to me the other day. "It's always so obvious." I spent the rest of the morning trying to persuade myself that my friend had intended to say "lucid."

But to return to this matter of exile.

TWICE recently have I known what it is to be cast into outer darkness, or rather to cast myself. The first of these dire experiments took place at a little town which might figure on a Grecian urn, but is actually on the south coast of England, some such coast as that on whose grey stones the poet bid the ocean endlessly break. And what other entertainments did Alfred, Lord Tennyson conjure up for the delectation of intending visitors? A fisherman's boy at play with his sister? A sailor lad singing as he throws that sprat which mackerel never heeds? The touch of a hand? The sound of a voice? Yes, but the one is vanished, and the other is still. There remains nothing else to do except, as my old friend Basil Macdonald Hastings once told us, "repair to a kiosk and buy picture postcards showing "site of proposed pier," "site of proposed pavilion," "site of proposed tennis courts," and so on.

My other experiment was conducted at Oxford. I had not realised until I went to live there that Oxford is a walled city, meaning

that once the last train is in nothing more can enter the city till the following day. During the intervening hours Oxford—and I am not suggesting that the same is not equally true of Cambridge—must depend upon herself and whatever provision of entertainment there is within her borders. For, as I have explained, nothing more to feed the mind can get in until next day.

NOW it was during my fourteenth week of residence in a street as desolate as any track in Libya, and far, far longer, that sitting disconsolate and pretending to read, I came across this passage in the works of that essentially third-rate dramatist, Shadwell. But many third-rate people possess one first-rate quality, which in Shadwell's case is the capacity to perceive the truth about Oxford. Here is the passage:

BELFOND SENIOR. Well, adad, you are pleasant men, and have the neatest sayings with you: "ready," and "spruce prig," and abundance of the prettiest witty words. But sure that Mr. Cheatly is as fine a gentleman as any wears a head, and as ingenious, ne'er stir, I believe he would run down the best scholar in Oxford, and put 'em in a mouse hole with his wit.

SHAMWELL. In Oxford! Ay, and in London too!

BELFOND SENIOR. Godsookers, cousin! I always thought they had been wittiest in the universities.

SHAMWELL. O, fie, cousin; a company of puts, mere puts!

BELFOND SENIOR. Puts! mere puts! very good, I'll swear; ha, ha, ha!

SHAMWELL. They are all scholar boys, and nothing else, as long as they live there; and yet they are as confident as if they knew everything, when they understand no more beyond Magdalen bridge than mere Indians!

And Indians I found the scholar boys to be on the hither side of Magdalen bridge also. Not one word of wit did I hear throughout the whole of those fourteen weeks, except that which dropped from the lips of a professor of Arabic. And he was consistently witty—in Arabic.

At the little south-coast town I should have drowned myself many a time had the sea been deep enough. At Oxford I should have hanged myself except that, as Balzac said of Lucien's garret, "the apartment provided no nail to facilitate suicide."

What, then, prevented me from going gracefully out of one's mind? The answer is THE PICTURES.

AND here, it seems to me, we get a glimpse into the true function of the pictures, which is to take the rus out of rusticity. (I would have said rustication, except that by a curious error that word has come to mean being sent down from a university town instead of being sent up to it.)

Pictures, which threaten one's reason in the town, preserve it in the country. Surrounded by Sussex clods or Oxford louts one seeks refuge in the healing power of Hollywood. In other words, a film which is nonsense in Shaftesbury Avenue becomes sense in Shore Road or Dreaming Spire Street.

OCCASIONALLY one gets a film which makes sense in all three parts of the world. I came across one such this week. It is called *Road to Frisco*, and it is showing at the Warner Theatre.

This is about George Raft and Humphrey Bogart, who have stopped being gangsters for the moment, and are as decent a pair of truck drivers as you shall find between America's two coasts.

There is also Miss Ann Sheridan "oomphing" merrily away, but a little put in the shade by Miss Ida Lupino, who gives me the impression that if the cameramen would let her she could act. But dash it, she does act, and as a jealous, common little cat who commits murder to get her man, and goes mad when she doesn't, wipes Miss Sheridan's "oomph" right off the screen and everything else with it.

All except the trucks. For most picture fans the chief interest is, I suppose, the sentimental one. For me I find I am immensely and often preponderantly interested in the trains, motor cars and aeroplanes that eloping couples elope in. I am fascinated by the shots of hotels with their swing doors, receptionists, bell-hops, and so on. I scan shop and water fronts with equal assiduity, and a feeling that if Balzac or Zola had been makers of movie pictures, this is the way they would have carried on.

The trucks in the Frisco picture are superbly done, and watching them I felt as though I were once more reading Zola's novel about the railway trains. After all, the engine persists, the stoker comes and goes. So, too, will there be trucks to be driven across America whether the boss's wife succeeds in seducing the truck driver or not.

In this case she doesn't. Miss Sheridan's "oomph" sees to that. But I still take the other girl to be the better actress.



Which Wins—Acting or "Oomph?"

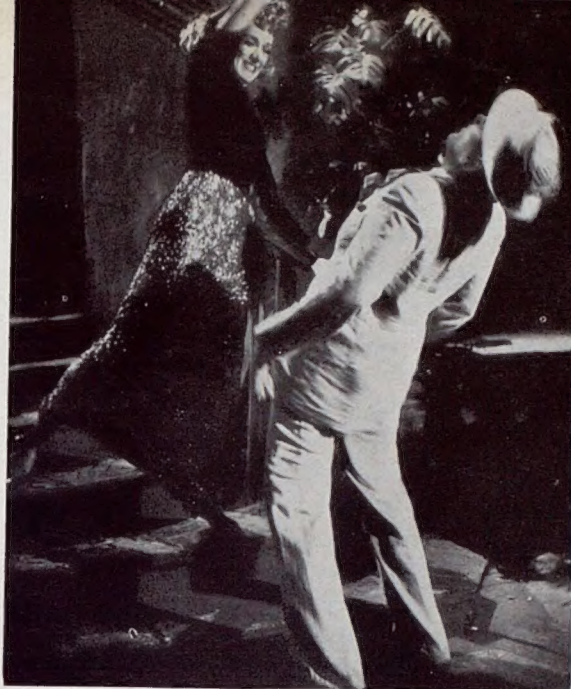
Ida Lupino as a "jealous, common little cat" and Ann Sheridan "oomphing merrily away" are the two girls in "The Road to Frisco." The answer to the above question about their acting appears in Mr. Agate's article. George Raft and Humphrey Bogart are the two men in the film, which is at the Warner



# The Week's Big Fight

Bijou v. Little Ned  
in the Dietrich Film  
*Seven Sinners*

*Seven Sinners* puts Marlene Dietrich among the South Sea Islands and its roughs and toughs (mostly with hearts of gold) as a café singer with a most remarkable propensity for sending men fighting mad. But a fight is no spectator-sport for her; she is generally in the middle of it, and has a grand set-to of her own when a big silly sailor (Broderick Crawford) tries to persuade her she can't marry a handsome romantic young naval lieutenant. John Wayne, here of the piece, is the lieutenant. Marlene's new film was produced by Joe Pasternak, directed by Tay Garnett, and went to the Odeon on Monday



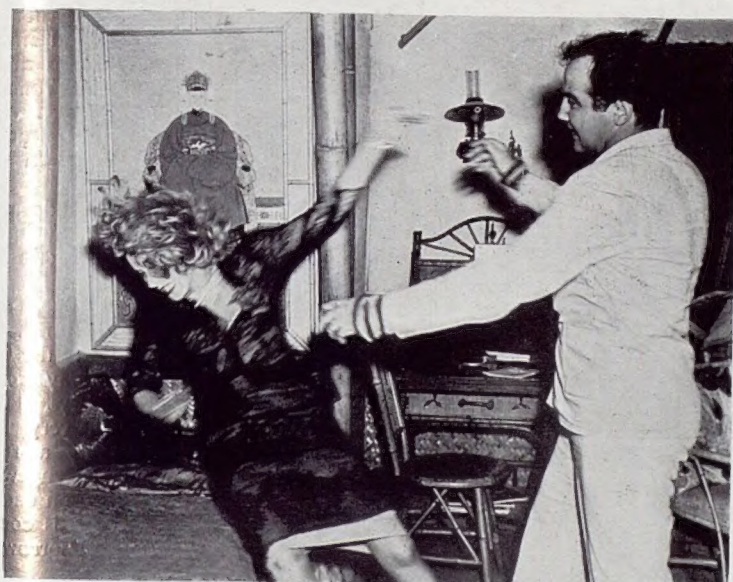
*There are really two fights on this page, a free-for-all in the café where Bijou (Marlene Dietrich) sings, and her own tussle with Little Ned. Here she zonks one of the café braverls and he goes down for the count*



*Little Ned (Broderick Crawford) doesn't want Bijou to marry someone else: he tells her so*



*Bijou won't listen to Little Ned's words of advice, so he tries action. Bijou can't help paying attention*



*Bijou goes down fighting for the right to do what she likes with her heart. She loves a sailor but not this one*



*Cornered but not silenced, she continues to demonstrate that a woman may be coaxed but can't be cuffed into acquiescence*



*The peace of unconsciousness falls on the café, leaving Bijou, battered but still beautiful, the victor of an epic fight of which she was the cause*



# The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

## Strike Up the Music (Coliseum)

WHEN I entered the auditorium of the Coliseum Theatre, some three minutes after the starting time advertised on the bills, the opening number of this "revue of happiness" was already and commendably in progress. The scene (I discovered later from my programme) was a dream bedroom, numerous inhabited by the fair sex, variously clad. Variously clad, that is to say, with the exception of those who could not be said to be clad at all, three of whom reclined in a gilded, globular cage suspended from the flies.

Their appearance, though earlier than customary, was not unexpected, the creative mind behind this production being that of Mr. Alfred Esdaile, who has been responsible for so many revelations at the Prince of Wales's in the past. One would think that by this time he must be fairly sick of the sight of

the female form divine, but when duty calls, no shameful shirker he, despite the cribbing, cabining and confining stipulation laid down by the Lord Chamberlain's office that nudes shall remain strictly immobile. The stipulation is scrupulously observed at the Coliseum, but there is nothing to prevent the cage around the nudes from revolving at a respectable rate, which, with a lively air, it does, and which, no doubt, is something. Yet is it quite enough? Although a nude may not move, she may, of course, be moved. Having often seen her heaving slowly and mechanically into sight, I take it that there would be no objection to pushing her about on a trolley or even wheeling her on in a wheelbarrow. Possibly it is on some such lines that the interesting future of the nude will, in these difficult days, develop. Being no longer the sensation that she was, she cannot be left just as she stands.



"Land of the Sun": Agnette and Silvio as Apollon and Daphne

IN the curious production numbers that do duty for beauty at the Coliseum, the nudes reappear at regular intervals, and usually with vocal accompaniment most seriously supplied by Miss Hella Toros. Now we see them in the Land of the Sun, an excellent climate for them; now spy them behind celluloid in a Castle of Glass inhabited by Louis XVI and Madame de Montespan, and Les Muscadins and Les Merveilleuses and anything Old French like that, including a quartet described on the programme as "The Abbays," but they looked more like Edwin Abbays than abbays to me.

Other production numbers include a Land of Musique, with strains of musique by Abbey Liszt, and a not very synthetic Grammatical Fantasy, in which the figures represent past, present, masculine, feminine, neuter, conditional, imperative and plural. The whole terminating with a Night at the Circus, in which it is a relief to get away from abstractions to sea lions, monkeys, tattooed women, bearded women and very blonde savages. This accompanied by a running commentary from Mr. Douglas Byng who, as queen of the circus, utters quips on each new entrant with the air of one who is confident that he will be much funnier tomorrow.

MR. BYNG's other female impersonations include a goddess of the wind, a deaf old lady in a Bath-chair, and (his best) a spinster in uniform, working all the time nineteen to the dozen. But the theatre is too large for his cabaret points, as it is too large for that delightful trio, the Aspidistras, who have been superb at the Players Theatre and excellent at Wyndham's, but who just don't fit the Coliseum, or, I would rather say, just aren't fitted by it. One of the hits of the show is made by Miss Marie Delmar, a contortionist good enough for Mr. Cochran, who first came out in the Children's Music Hall a few Christmases ago. It seems only fair that she should be mentioned here as she is not mentioned on the programme.

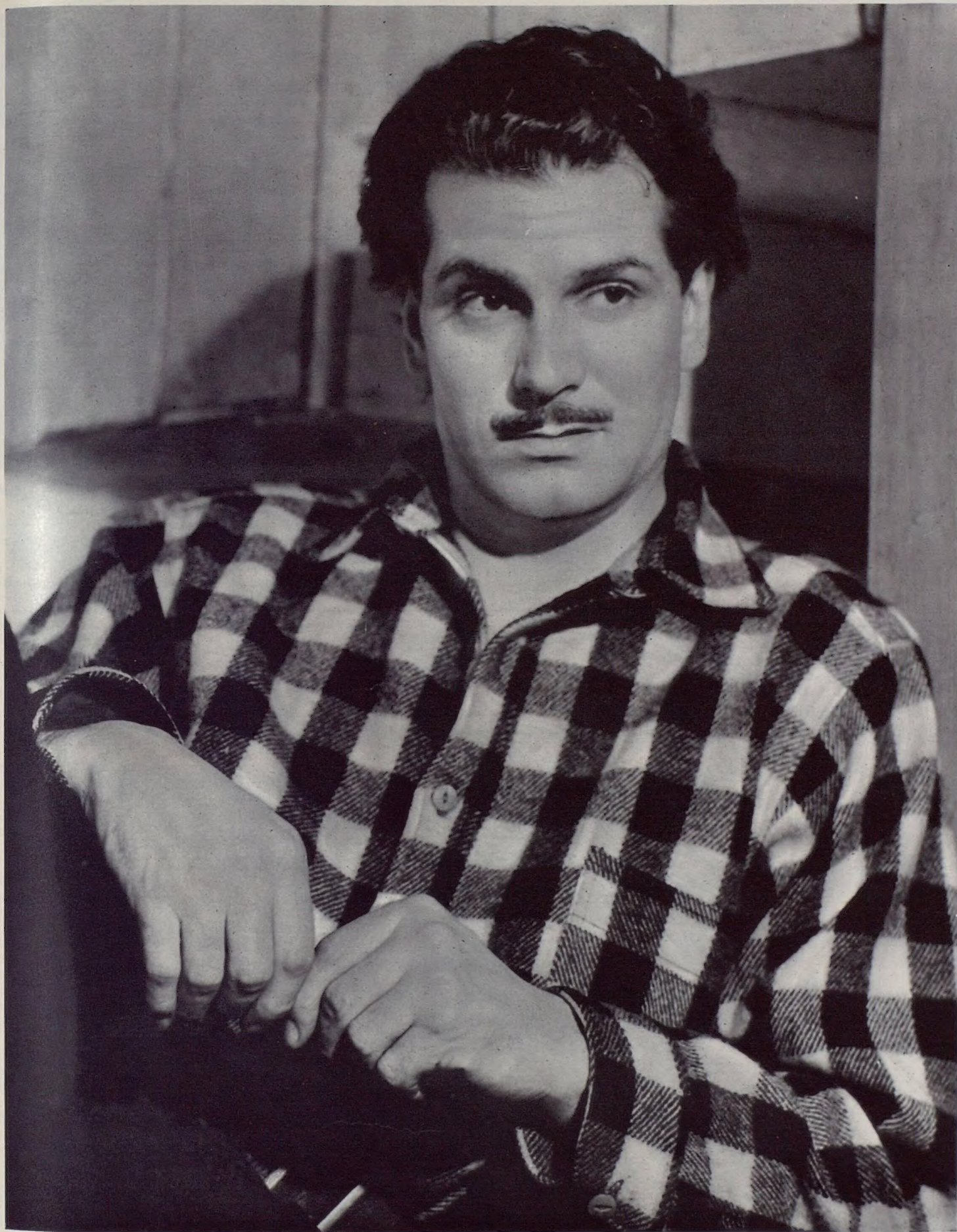
But, so far as I was concerned, the most successful turns were Mr. Gaston Palmer, the prestidigitator, whose bonhomie in misfortune is so charming that we are always sorry when he at last succeeds in doing a trick; and Mr. Hal Bryan's impressions of a gardening talk by Mr. Middleton, with many wise and loving words on manure; and of a relay from New York, with all the scrunches and crackles that help to keep us marvelling over the march of science instead of taking it as matter of course.

Sketches by  
Anna Zinkeisen



Douglas Byng with the Black Panthers, Hedi Dunn and Desire Cooper





Fred Daniel

## Laurence Olivier in "49th Parallel"

Laurence Olivier got back from Hollywood a month or so ago and went straight into *49th Parallel*, the big film being made with Ministry of Information co-operation. The setting is a Canadian one and two units have been out there to shoot sequences in the wilds. Michael Powell is directing, and in the cast are Leslie Howard, Raymond Massey, Anton Walbrook, Glynis Johns. Before leaving Hollywood Laurence Olivier and his wife, Vivien Leigh, played Nelson and Emma Hamilton in Korda's *Lady Hamilton*. Olivier has been nominated as one of the ten best actors of 1940 for his performance as Maxim de Winter in *Rebecca* by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences



# Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

## Polish Chief of Staff

**A**N interesting ceremony happened in London when General Sikorski, Polish Prime Minister and Chief of Staff, promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General Colonel Tadeusz Klimecki, Polish Chief of Staff since France's collapse.

The new Chief of Staff, who is forty-six, is a dark, stockily-built man, with greyish hair, aquiline nose, brown eyes and a scholarly look. He saw service in the Austrian Army before the last war, fought against the Bolsheviks in the Polish-Soviet War of 1919-20, and later became Professor of Military Science at the Polish Military Academy. He is considered one of the best military brains in the Polish Army.

General Sikorski said on this occasion that his policy was to promote younger men on their merit, acquired knowledge, efficiency and ability in handling intricate military problems.

## Cocktail Party

**G**ENERAL and Mrs. "Mike" Scanlon have so many friends that they can't ask even the smallest percentage of them in for a drink without getting a full house. Prince Bernhard was a guest at a delightful party the other day, where there were also some newly-arrived Americans.

Mrs. Charles Sweeney's standard of looks is unflinching, and her husband seemed in good form. Mrs. Anita Bodley, in leopard skin, was talking to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Simpson, and Lady Courtney and her daughter, Mrs. Bickford, were there, both very attractive and smart.



Harlip

## Bride: Mrs. Laurence Bickmore

A recent wedding was that of Captain Laurence Bickmore, Royal Norfolk Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Bickmore, of 44, Edwardes Square, W.8, and Mrs. Anne Stratton, daughter of Vice-Admiral the Hon E. R. and Lady Evelyn Drummond, and niece of the Earl of Perth and granddaughter of the Marquess of Ormonde

## Change of Address

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## Wedding: Capt. Harrison and Miss Neathercoat

Captain Michael George Harrison, Royal Welch Fusiliers, and Pamela Mary Neathercoat, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Neathercoat, of Holbrook Park, Horsham, Sussex, were married at St. Margaret's, Warnham, ten days ago. He is the younger son of the late Major C. P. Harrison, and Lady Lettice Shepard, of the Corner Cottage, Cuffley, Herts., and nephew of the Marquess of Cholmondeley. The bride has been nursing at the hospital run by her mother

Miss Sheila Hennessey, who used to live in France, was another guest. It must be nice to have a name almost everyone knows.

## Charming Peer

**L**ORD WINTERTON is very English, and just seeing him suggests all the nicest things, like hunting mornings, and the casual but supreme cleverness that there has always been for the rescue of the country in crises. No intellectual tricks, but everything in the bag.

He was saying that hunting, at the moment, is very little for very few (which is what most things have dwindled to, temporarily. I even heard a deliberate bit of it—a writer who chose to write very little for very few. What a saving of trouble still to be called a writer, and write less and less for fewer and fewer, ending, perhaps, with something as starkly essential as one's own shopping list. "Not a redundant word").

To return to hunting. It seems that the Cottesmore are carrying on, more or less sotto voce, with Lady Helena Hilton-Green, the Master's wife, whipping-in to the same huntsman who hunted them in the last war.

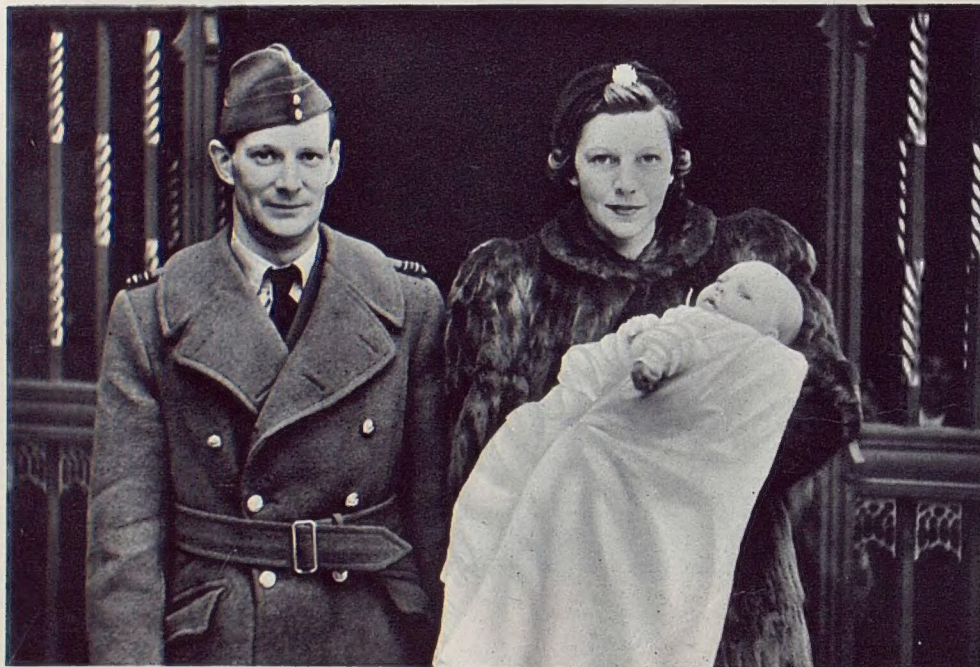
## Somerset

**T**HE Blackmore Vale met at Lovington lately. This used to be one of the most popular meets in the Tuesday country, but now the fields are much diminished.

Several local celebrities were out that day, however, including Miss Diana Bell, of point-to-point fame, riding a young horse which certainly looked as if it would add to her laurels in this direction in normal times. She is stationed in the neighbourhood, and shares two horses and a groom with two other girls in the F.A.N.Y.s.

Commander Smithers was also there, on the tall horse he has hunted for the last

(Concluded on page 298)



Barker

## Christening: William Henry Tyrell Cavendish

Flt.-Lieut. and Mrs. Henry Cavendish's son was christened at St. Faith's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, with the Earl of Ronaldshay, Captain R. A. Morritt, Sq.-Ldr. Antony Norman, Lady Joan Bickerton and Lady Viola Dundas for godparents. His father is the son of the late T. W. Cavendish, and Mrs. Cavendish, of Crakemarsh Hall, Uttoxeter, Staffs., and his mother, who was Diana Linda Ryle before her marriage a year ago, is the daughter of Edward H. Ryle and Mrs. Alexis French





*Lieut. Hendry and the Hon. Elspeth Ironside, with Her Father and Attendants*

Lieut. Andrew Gilbert Hendry, the Black Watch, and the Hon. Elspeth Mariot (Jane) Ironside, only daughter of Field-Marshal Lord Ironside and Lady Ironside, of Hingham, near Norwich, were married at St. Mary's, Narford, Norfolk. With them here are her father, Lord Ironside, who received his barony in the New Year's Honours, and the two majrons of honour, Mrs. David Marshall, the bride's cousin, and Mrs. Raymond Ades. The bridegroom is the only son of the late Andrew Hendry, and Mrs. Hendry, of Gage, Angus



*Miss Tod and Señor Don Felipe Benavides*

Señor Don Felipe Benavides, son of the Peruvian Minister and Mme. Benavides, of 65, Cadogan Square, S.W.1, and Angela Mary Tod, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. A. A. Tod, of 16, Hans Court, Hans Road, S.W.3, were married at the Franciscan Church, South Ascot. His father has been Minister in London since 1933

## Five Weddings



*Mr. Gallo and Miss Sylvia Rentoul*

Ferenc Gallo, of 20, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1, and Sylvia Rentoul, only daughter of Sir Gervais and Lady Rentoul, of 101, Oakwood Court, W. 14, were married at St. Barnabas', Addison Road. Her father has been Metropolitan Magistrate for West London since 1934



*Capt. Seddon-Brown and Miss Poë*

Captain Dennis William Seddon-Brown, Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry, son of Lt.-Col. Sir Norman and Lady Seddon-Brown, of Escowbeck, Caton, Lancaster, and Mary Elizabeth Poë, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. J. H. L. Poë, of the Elms, Pembroke, were married at Monkton Priory Church, Pembroke



*Miss Natalie Nevinston and Capt. FitzGerald*

Captain Desmond Richard FitzGerald, Irish Guards, is the son of Captain and Mrs. Derek FitzGerald, of Branches Park, Newmarket. Natalie Laura Nevinston is the younger daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. St. Aubyn Nevinston, of Villa Magali, Valescure, France, now of Folly Cottage, Grayshott, Hants. They were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks



## Social Roundabout

(Continued)

eight seasons—two monumental figures like a colossal equestrian statue.

Miss Guest, who is now Joint-Master of the Blackmore Vale, was in command. Mrs. Rupert Incedon-Webber was following—on foot, alas!—her little dog yelping with excitement on the end of a string.

### Local Dances

SMALL subscription dances in aid of "Spitfire" funds and Red Cross are held quite often in the village hall at North Cadbury—that lovely old village and good hunting centre, where the Langmans and the Geoffrey Phipps-Hornbys both have houses. The dances are great fun, and all the local lovelies go, most of them busy with war-work in the daytime.

"Tim" (Diana) Garton is one of the prettiest. Her father is a great authority on Somerset folklore and legends, and used to co-operate with Major Phipps-Hornby, when he broadcast his annual running commentary on the Ladies' Race at the Blackmore Vale Point-to-Point, by pretending to be someone called "Sam," who expressed very definite opinions about the race in Somerset dialect. Major Garton, as well as Major Phipps-Hornby, is back in the Army again, and his daughter runs his farm, besides doing A.R.P. night duty.

Major "Pudding" Williams, who lives near-by, at Hornblotton, and used to be head of the Pony Club and a famous judge of hack horses all over England, also works indefatigably at A.R.P. His wife is commandant of the local Red Cross, and son Maurice and daughter Barbara are both on active service—he a trooper in the Scots Greys, and she in a West Country hospital.

### Opera

THE first performance of the Sadler's Wells Opera Company was not as crowded as one would expect, and I didn't see a single person I had ever seen before. A good many probably imagine that it will be impossible to get seats for a first performance, and so don't try.

They opened with *Figaro*—an abridged version, but cunningly fitted together, and splendidly sung. The only boring thing was the amount Mr. Tony Guthrie, who produced, made the performers prance and gambol about. Singers are all right singing, and even acting, but why distract them, and over-stress them as people, by making them titup and bound and weave round about one another in alternating stylised pattern and roguish, tomboy heartiness?

We saw Miss Joan Cross afterwards. She was sweet and sad and stately as the Countess Almaviva, and gloriously jolly and spanking in her dressing-room. Said what a successful provincial tour they had, with packed houses everywhere.

### Little White House

MISS MARY COLLINS, the amusing American actress who was so good in *The Women*, has the most delightful little house, all snowy white inside, including tulips like peeled boiled eggs. Lovely furniture, pictures, satin curtains and general decor.

She gave a very good cocktail-party amongst it all: Lady Orr Lewis was there, Mr. Martin de Hosshu and his fiancée, Lady Diana Gibbs, Miss Constance Paul, who is a clever architect and decorator, and was, I believe, largely responsible for the appearance of the house, and lots of others.

Miss Collins has what is known as "a way with her," and looked very attractive, with her hair done on top, and a white chiffon blouse and black skirt, joined by one of those laced belts, like half a pair of stays, and becoming to her slim waist.

### From America

MISS PATRICIA DESMOND is a lovely English girl who has made her name on the American stage. On account of the mass emotion about the war prevalent in the States, she abandoned her work there to be in her own country—and finds, of course, everyone carrying on pretty much the same.

Miss Desmond is blonde, with enormous blue eyes, and a grand personality. She has been playing opposite John Barrymore in *My Dear Children*, and has lots to say about the stage there and here.

One of her points is the kindness of our critics, few of whom can bring themselves

to be entirely nasty about anything, with the result that we get littered up with bits of junk that are allowed to crawl along to the entertainment of nobody, when they should be killed in a night, as by the lethal United States criticising boys.

### Pre-view

WE went to a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pre-view by way of making her feel at home. Lovely little special theatre somewhere near St. Martin's Lane, with an outside very like a chapel—and the inside a bit like it, too, except for an unobtrusive but vigorously functioning bar.

All the film critics whose names ring out from the pages of our splendid Press, taking their arduous afternoon's work at as moderate a pace as possible.

The film contains Miss Judy Garland, and a lot of that "daddy" stuff that has been cropping up lately. Having learned to stomach miles and miles of mother-love on the screen, it is a little tiresome to be switched about and made to wallow in great swamps of father-love.

### Geranium Day

THIS is the occasion when everyone has an opportunity to help the blind by buying a geranium in the streets, this year on April 8th. Very good line on one of their posters—"Shut your eyes and think."

There was a meeting about it all, at which Miss Edith Johnston, social secretary, spoke. Mr. Hyde Thompson was in the chair, and Captain Sir Beachcroft Towse, V.C., spoke later. Lady Fulton, chairman of the executive committee, was there; also Lady May of Weybridge, and a roomful of people vitally interested, as everyone should be.

### CORRECTIONS.

In our issue of February 19th, p. 260, our Social Correspondent referred to Mme. Jasper as the wife of the Belgian Ambassador. Mme. Jasper is, in fact, the wife of the Belgian Chargé d'Affaires to the Czech Government. The Belgian Ambassador is, of course, Baron de Cartier de Marchienne. We apologise for this mistake.

In our issue of February 12th, p. 246, we published photographs of the weddings of Lieut. E. G. L. Temple and Miss Edith Carol Onmanney, and Major J. A. Hill and Miss Esme Evelyn Yarrow. Owing to a printer's error the captions under these pictures were transposed. We much regret any annoyance and inconvenience caused by this mistake.



An Anglo-Danish Luncheon, and an International Friendship Reaffirmed

Countess Eduard Reventlow, wife of the Danish Minister, sat next Mr. F. Kroyer-Kielberg, chairman of the Anglo-Danish Society's luncheon, at the Dorchester last week. The chairman proposed "Our Guests," who included Captain Crookshank (see right) and Mr. R. A. Butler, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Mr. Butler spoke of Anglo-Danish friendship, both from a personal and national point of view.

Mrs. F. Kroyer-Kielberg, the chairman's wife, sat between Lord Camrose and Captain Harry Crookshank, Financial Secretary to the Treasury. The latter replied to the chairman's toast, with special reference to the help being given to the British cause by Danish seamen and ships. He described as "nonsensical" the Nazi suggestions that those ships would be kept by Britain after the war. Mr. Kroyer-Kielberg is chairman and director of a number of British sugar firms; his wife is English, and comes from Cheshire. They live in Bedfordshire.





### A Hockey-Players' Canteen for a Hertfordshire Hunt

Mrs. S. F. Waterson, wife of the South African High Commissioner, on behalf of the Western Province Ladies' Hockey Union, Cape Town, handed over a mobile canteen to the Enfield Chase Hunt at Essendon. It is to replace the horse-drawn buggy used to serve refreshments to the troops. The group includes Captain C. T. Middleton and Miss Joan Henderson, Joint Masters; Mr. S. F. Waterson, Mrs. C. T. Middleton, Mrs. S. F. Waterson and Sir Francis Freemantle



### Breeders of Shorthorn Cattle

Lord and Lady Lovat were at the Annual Shorthorn Cattle Show held in Caledonian Road, Perth. Lord Lovat, who is a Captain in the Lovat Scouts, breeds shorthorn cattle at his home, Beaufort Castle, Beaulieu, Inverness-shire. Lady Lovat is the only daughter of Major Sir Henry Delves Broughton, Bt., of Nantwich

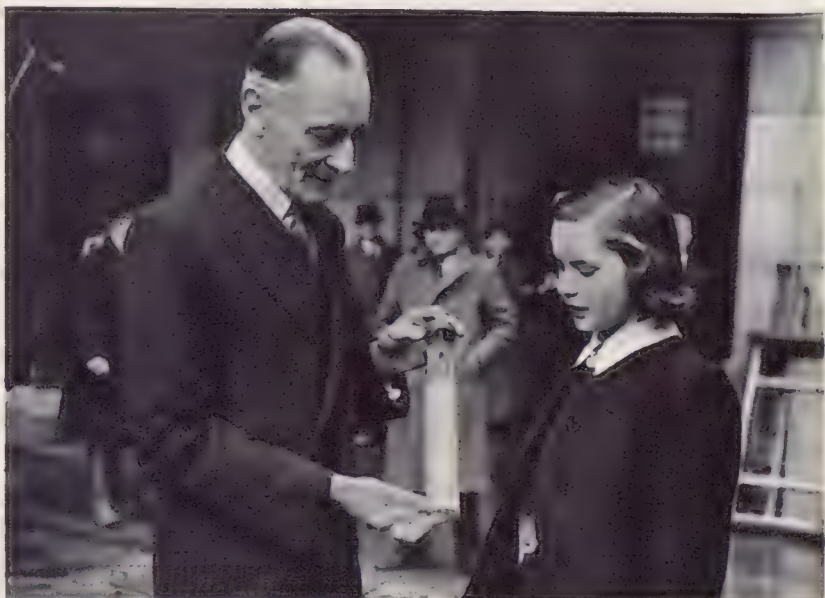
## People and Events in the News



### Mannequin Commère

Mrs. Phæbe Tatton Brown has been released from another Government department to the Board of Trade to accompany the mannequins travelling to South America to show British fashions. She will look after the girls; give a running commentary on the models shown, and has the title of Commère Producer

Colonel G. Symonds, Technical Officer to the Fire Prevention Executive, and inventor of the stirrup-pump, showed an incendiary bomb to Miss Muriel Pavlow, the young actress appearing as the dream child in "Dear Brutus." Colonel Symonds gave a demonstration at the Ministry of Information of the latest methods of fire-bomb-fighting, now being taught to fire parties all over the country



### Inventor of the Stirrup-Pump

### Marquess Broadcasts "In Town To-Night"

The Marquess of Queensberry, who introduced listeners to "In Town To-night" to R.A.F. boxers taking part in a forthcoming tournament. He talked before the broadcast to Mr. David Rose, the Paramount film chief, just back from Hollywood, and Mr. Mike Meehan, of "In Town To-night" fame. This popular feature was filmed for the first time by Paramount News Reel





# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

## Pioneer

ONCE more, by being first in the field with buffet-cars reserved for the Forces, the L.N.E.R. shows what kind of a line it is. It does not foster poetry, like the G.W.R., or the amours of fickle business men, like the S.R. It's just the Line that Gets Things Done.

Bracing daily and nightly contact with the frigid and calculating North has made the L.N.E.R. more virile than its rivals. The G.W.R. once past Maidenhead shrieks dismally and begins to go fey, realising that it is doomed to finish up among either the Welch or the Cornish, among fierce passionate dark faces and bow-legs and rhythmic incantations in an unknown tongue. This unnerves it, and also explains that porter at Bath who swept the Race off its feet in World War I. with that emotional poem called "The Day."

The Southern Railway, hearing the stock-broker calling nightly to his blonde mate aboard the Brighton Belle, in normal times, has long ago lost what moral sense it ever had, and no longer utters a shriek of dismay but a soft, luxurious coo before drifting away with a sidelong œillade into the languorous South in a sort of voluptuous swoon. The South, in fact, saps its vitality so much that it hasn't yet had the nerve to call Worthing the British Biarritz, whereas Aberystwyth has been the Naples of Wales since as far back as we can remember, man and boy.

THERE is a school of thought which holds that Victor Hugo was once a S.R. porter, deducing this from his famous cry, "Waterloo! Waterloo! Waterloo! Morne plaine!" We've always doubted this, Hugo's erotic output being relatively non-existent compared with his rhetorical or oompah stuff.

Besides, Hugo sings the pleasures of the family fireside and home, and who connected with the Southern Railway ever wanted to go home, for Heaven's sake?

## Rap

"ANOTHER notable victory," remarked *The Times* playfully but accurately on the morrow of the Sitwells' libel case, "has been won in the long struggle of the persecuted race of poets to emancipate themselves from the oppression of the critics."

The booksy underworld, we find after exhaustive inquiry, is divided on this point, since the big-time boys and girls nearly all make a bit on the side as critics themselves. Lesser booksy characters outside this racket generally claim that professional critics are engendered from condemned meat, or found under rotting logs, and that the only cure for them is Flit. ("This other Eden, demi-parasite," as the little booksy girl said, spitting twice for luck, when she saw the critic in a new black hat.) This is perhaps

an extreme view. There are three living British critics whose views on some topics we almost invariably respect, counting James ("Boss") Agate, our old idol. The others, the pimply pans you meet at booksy parties emitting shrill judgments on this and that, merely move us, as they moved Kipling, to marvel in our dear mind at the miraculously small amount of intellectual equipment and knowledge of the world which is deemed necessary to set up in this racket.

## Reflection

TAKEN by and large, whatever that means, our feeling is that Slogger Whistler was right when he said, or rather howled, that only the working artist has the right to be a critic, and we feel that chaps like Wilde and Croce and Middleton Murry, who produce long bits of solemn tralala alleging



"Frightfully poor show. One gimlet and she pancakes"

that criticism is a major science and critics practically gods are being just big whimsy teases.

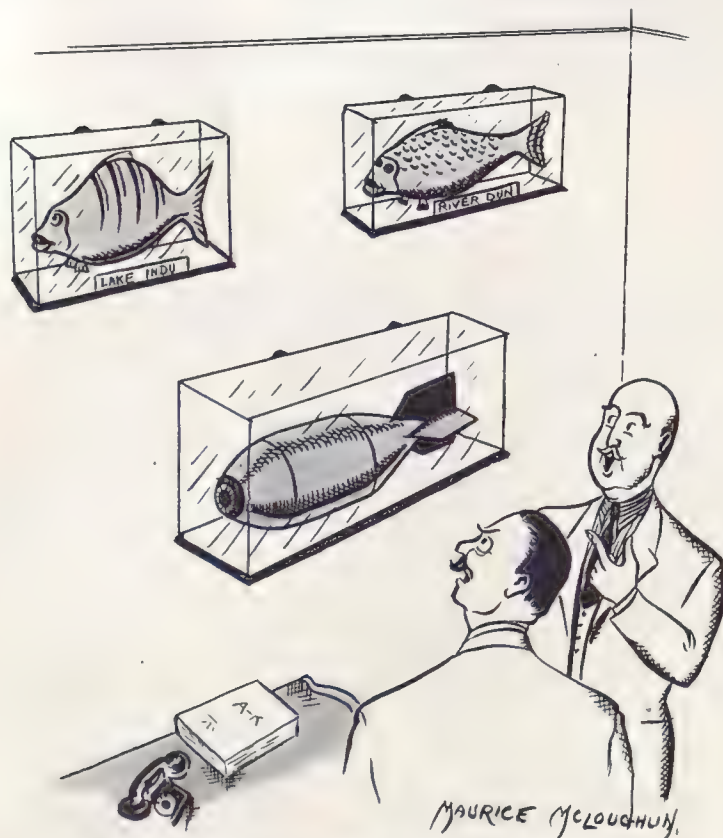
That is to say, when a novelist like Miss Coodle is utterly shattered and knocked bow-legged in print by the beauty of the latest master-work of her friend and fellow-novelist, Miss Doodle, or vice-versa, that sweetheart is a true critic, or so they tell us, and we wish to Heaven we could stop laughing.

## Decor

AT least half a dozen bombed West End theatres to date will have to be rebuilt after the war, an authority says. It may be that by then theatre architects will have realised that the only style for a true theatre is the lush Baroque, with lashings of plummy red plush and golden lights and opulent gilt Cupids and bosomy gilt caryatids, and all the luxuriant scrolls, swags, festoons, and flourishes pertaining.

Since the last war, and even before, some of the boys have been far too austere with the chromium and concrete, with the result that in some theatres you can almost smell the ether, and you expect the body to be wheeled down the centre aisle under a sheet at any moment. Maybe this school of art is a tribute to the West End stalls public, but such bleakness is a great discomfort to the living and a handicap not only to the actors but to everybody on the stage.

IN a Baroque atmosphere even the incestuous gambols of Eugene O'Neill's lantern-jawed boys and girls in their native swamps would be hardly a penance, for the Baroque encourages cosiness, good fellowship, and harmless mirth. It also evokes the old cheery music-hall impromptu of the *Commedia dell'Arte*, and under its influence Daddy Ibsen's drabest and most portentous offerings might be suddenly enlivened by the overwrought Mrs. Hogstad tearing off her goloshes and saying to Pastor Kronk, "The hell with this, reverend—let's have a song and dance" (cue for band); and we'd like to see how your



"And this was in the fish-pond at the bottom of the garden"



# Bahamian Beachcombing

In the Peaceful Sunshine  
of the West Indies



In the sun and the sand are Mrs. James Crooks and her daughters, Jennifer and Sarah. Their father is the London surgeon (of the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital). Mrs. Crooks is an artist, works under her maiden name, Irene Heath



In the shade by her cabana is Mrs. Hazel Colville, with Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor. Both are Nassau house-owners. He is a director of the Bank of Montreal



On tour of the outer islands, the Colonial Secretary, his wife, Mrs. W. L. Heape, and their son, Colin, were photographed at the historical and beautiful Harbour Island, which was first settled by Roundhead migrants



In residence at her house on Prospect Ridge is Mrs. Fred Sigrist, whose husband is in the U.S.A. helping with armaments production



Pyjama suits are coming back into seaside fashion: Mrs. Brice Pinder, of Nassau, wears a spotted one at the Emerald Beach, and Mrs. John Rocamoka, of New York, wears white slacks, and flowers on her open-necked shirt



Guest of Mrs. Fred Sigrist (see above) was Mr. Carman Mesmore, head of Knedler's in New York. Mrs. Nelson Odman, who is with him, is Swedish by birth and Bahamian by domicile



Honeymooners were a nice-looking young couple from New York, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Piper. They were down on Emerald Beach, one of the smartest of Bahamian seaside meeting-places



Inhabitants are Colonel and Mrs. Fred Wanklin, who own an island, Sandy Cay. He commands the Bahamas Defence Force. She is Nassau born, was Suzanne Moseley; her family settled out there four generations ago. They also have a Montreal home



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

slice-of-raw-life Ibsenite fanatics would take that bit of stark simple realism.

The humanising influences of the Baroque are a profound psychological fact. We bet that if you looked, say, Mr. Charles ("Sparkenbroke") Morgan in a room decorated like the late Lyceum he'd be dancing a coranto in half an hour and exchanging hats with the Absolute, as somebody once said.

## Release

THE new respirator for citizens with breathing difficulties looks to us from the photographs, and except for its mouth-piece, remarkably like the earliest respirator issued to the troops in World War I. This, as many will remember, was a homely affair constructed out of the tails of old flannel shirts, soaked in chemicals, with a mica eyepiece. You tucked the dank, sticky flannel flap into your neck, drank in the rich fumes, and hoped for the best.

It certainly kept a fair amount of gas out, and in the intervals the variegated patterns of the shirt-tails afforded the soldiery a pleasant guessing game; for example, we guessed at once that our own—dark grey with a thick blue stripe—had formerly decorated the torso of a retired average-adjuster in Bradford, sober yet opulent. His name, we thought, was J. Henry Buttleshaw, and he had three elderly daughters, Bertha, Patience, and Grace, with weak eyes, all devoted to fancy needlework and pronouncing the "a" in "bath" short, a distressing habit. Their adventures made quite a story, even when censored.

A silly game, perhaps, but far better than succumbing to that cafard which was the major feature of trench life.

## Footnote

HAVING thoroughly plumbed the blackest abysses of despairful boredom during those years, nobody can have been really badly bored since, even with B.B.C. comics.

Had we ever passed through that far worse ordeal which the Spanish Mystics call "the dark night of the soul," we'd be proof to-day even against the chatter of rich women and Bloomsbury thinkers and dear little actresses, but you can't have everything. Bloody but unbowed—that's our position, and it explains the note of resigned but tender optimism which may have surprised and enthralled you in this dainty page, and of which so many prigs have complained. Bless you.

## Jape

FORGETTING, perhaps, that our national habit of swilling tea is just as amusing to three-quarters of the world, some of the Special Correspondent boys have been making a mildly waggish issue of all the Chianti flasks mopped up with the rest of the stuff in the Italian fiasco in Libya. An ignoble passion for sources leads us to deduce that this is a subconscious offshoot of the Macaroni Joke, which, so far as we remember, is on Max Beerbohm's list of standard mentions which ritually provoke music-hall audiences (and still more B.B.C. audiences, you perceive if you listen for that dutiful roar, a regular thirty seconds after) to inextinguishable mirth.

EXCEPT that Chianti doesn't travel very well, we can think of few better liquid rations to fight on, if so be you happen to feel like fighting. Full, generous, sunny, tonic, fragrant of the soil, full of body and bouquet and verve and velouté and all the rest of the wine merchants' mumbo-jumbo, it is all Tuscany in a flask and was responsible for half the splendour and feats of the

Florentine State and, maybe, helped to write the Divina Commedia itself. It breeds laughter and—except when you realise yourself to be on the side of the barbarian—valour, and that sincere old-home welcome the astonished Australians got from the Italian population of Benghazi shows that it breeds common sense as well, despite a tinpot Cæsar.

Had the Romans left us better vineyards and a bit more sunshine, Chianti of a sort might have been our normal drink as well, instead of the Indian drug, and these islands would be minus a few thousand whiffing tea-doped cranks of every description, from the militant teetotalers to the Great Pyramid boys. (End message.)

## Precaution

MANY inhabitants of Regent's Park (whom the inhabitants of the Zoo firmly believe to be confined behind bars) were doubtless relieved the other day to learn from the *Daily Mail* that all the poisonous snakes, scorpions, and spiders in the Zoo were destroyed at the outbreak of war.

A strong armed patrol moreover walks the Gardens every night, ready to shoot those of our more energetic dumb friends, such as Polar bears and Hyrcanian tigers, who might be bombed into freedom. Chimpanzees, gorillas, and Fellows of the Zoological Society are living a normal but rationed life. The giant pythons are sunk in their winter coma, and George, the 130-year-old crocodile, is asleep at the bottom of his pond, like a don in February.

## Reflection

A PECULIAR fatalism has always possessed the more thoughtful residents of Regent's Park, who hold that if the Zoo ever did break loose it would make in a body for Camden Town, the other side of the Park, where rentals are lower. They feel, moreover (one of them told us some time ago) that Camden Town, being acclimatised more or less by the art colony which once nestled in its bosom, would view an irruption of buf-faloes and baboons and cockatoos surging down the High Street with relative calm. The boys of the Latin Quarter of Camden Town, one or two of whom we used to know in the wild 1920's, were fierce in many ways, and their rallying and mating-calls, mingling with that distant melancholy roaring which comes over the night wind, were accepted by the populace as part of its normal background.

The Montparnasse populace is, or was, more difficult, and we once saw a nice brawl in the Dingo because one of the aboriginals refused to eat a slice of a Dadaist's hat to guitar accompaniment. But matey Camden Town joined willingly in the great festa of 1921, the year when one of the hairier boys sold a picture, and the place was just like Venice at Mardi Gras.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I want her taught ten languages, because she is going to be an international spy"



## Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



“Was there ever a real ‘Lion of Judah,’ Ras Maskara?  
Or is it only a sorta title, as it were?”





Roman Chief, nearest the camera, Peaceful Walter and Fair Outlook take the first fence in the Cuckfield Handicap Steeplechase, the race in which an unfortunate accident occurred. Roman Chief, ridden by S. Magee, was close behind Tweedledee II., winner of the race, when a car crossed the course. Roman Chief crashed into it, broke a leg and had to be destroyed. The jockey was thrown clear

## Steeplechasing

### The Plumpton Meeting near Lewes



Mrs. Patrick Smyly, formerly Miss Diana Mills, discussed the card with Captain Cooper-Key. She was married in 1939 to Captain R. P. Smyly, 13-18th Hussars, and they were lucky enough to get a honeymoon in France just before the outbreak of war



Sec.-Lieut. Sir Nigel Graham and Viscountess Weymouth waited for the horses to come out. Lady Weymouth before her marriage in 1927 was the Hon. Daphne Vivian, daughter of Lord Vivian

Lord and Lady Manton live at Plumpton Place, near the course. Lady Manton was Mrs. Player before she re-married in 1938

Brigadier A. L. Wood, M.C., and his wife were at this popular steeplechasing event. Mrs. Wood is an M.F.H., having taken on the Worcestershire Foxhounds



Mr. J. D. K. Hague, Scots Guards, Captain and Mrs. G. Baker and Miss Harmood-Banner were chatting together in the paddock at Plumpton Steeplechases, which had an interesting programme and was very well attended



Miss C. Coombs, in the neatest of racing outfits, was 'snapped' with Mr. M. C. A. Vallance at Plumpton, where the Newhaven Handicap Steeplechase was won by Mrs. Noel Livingstone-Learmonth's Much Too Dear







**The Veteran :** A Cavalryman Looks Back, By Lionel Edwards



# Social Picture



Harlip

Mrs. P. C. Snatt

Mrs. P. C. Snatt, formerly Miss Myra Manningham-Buller, is the second of the four daughters of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Mervyn and the Hon. Lady Manningham-Buller, of Charlton Lodge, Banbury, Oxon., and is an officer in the Auxiliary Territorial Service. She was married before Christmas to Lieut.-Col. P. C. Snatt, Royal Corps of Signals, elder son of the late Major S. A. Snatt, and Mrs. Snatt, of Hove.



Lenart

The Hon. Audrey Paget

Miss Anne Wallace

Miss Anne Wallace is one of this year's debutantes, and will attend the Queen Charlotte Ball on March 8th. She is the only daughter of Mrs. H. Frank Wallace, of Old Corriemoney, Glen Urquhart, Inverness. Her father is the well-known author and artist, traveller and big-game shooter. He has written a number of books and articles on the subjects of deer, big game, etc., and is the Deer Control Officer for Scotland. He organizes the British section of the International Hunting Exhibition, held in Berlin.



Miss Compton Collier

Miss Ruth Davenport-Handley

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Davenport-Handley, Miss Ruth Davenport-Handley, a debutante of last year, has taken up work at the Admiralty in the Women's Royal Naval Service. Her home, Clipsham Hall, Rutland, called after the famous quarry, has a wonderful yew avenue cut in manifold designs. Her father is a large landowner; was High Sheriff for Rutland in 1929, and is sole proprietor of Clipsham Quarry, the stone from which was used for the ornamental part of St. George's Chapel, Windsor.





# Gallery

The Hon. Lydia Noel-Buxton is the eldest daughter of the Rt. Hon. Lord Noel-Buxton and Lady Noel-Buxton, of Upshire Bury, Waltham Abbey, and Coveley Street, Westminster. She came out at last year's Queen Charlotte's Ball; has been nursing with the Red Cross, and now acts as driver for the Matron of a London Hospital. She has two brothers older than herself and two younger sisters



The Hon. Lydia Noel-Buxton  
Bertram Park



Miss Hersey Coke

Pearl Freeman

## Mrs. Edward Compton

Mrs. Edward Compton works untiringly for the W.V.S. (she is wearing the green uniform overall), at the People's Palace, Stepney; with a mobile canteen, and for the evacuation and clothing of families who have been bombed out of their homes. She is the wife of Captain Edward Compton, of Newby Hall, Ripon. Before her marriage in 1918 she was Miss Sylvia Farquharson, and is the younger sister of Mrs. Myrtle Farquharson of Invercauld. She has twins, a son and daughter born in 1919, and a younger son born in 1923

Dorothy Wilding



Harlip

## The Countess of Darnley

Before her marriage to the Earl of Darnley, the Countess of Darnley was Miss Rosemary Potter, daughter of Mrs. Basil Potter, of 45, Cromwell Road, S.W.7. She and her husband have been working at a hospital in the country for war nerve cases, instructing the patients in gardening, French and other subjects. The Countess of Darnley acted as mannequin, together with her stepdaughter, Lady Marguerite Strickland, at Mrs. Ronald Cross's Hat Show. Her stepson, Lord Clifton, is a prisoner of war in Germany



# With Silent Friends

By Richard King

## A Woman's Love-life

I HAVE not known many cases, but I have known some, of people who resent being loved. They resent it quite unconsciously, of course, but this resentment, unconscious though it be, is the only explanation of their conduct. Nearly all of them are men. Naturally, they like to be liked. But the moment they feel themselves being really loved, a curious sadistic tendency asserts itself. Sometimes they are violently unkind, but mostly it is a kind of subtle cruelty. Rather as if they subconsciously hated the responsibility of being loved; for it is a responsibility, sometimes a very heavy one. Rather as if they felt a kind of inner revulsion against the slavish manifestation of worship. Until this happened, they had been lover-like themselves. The moment it was beyond question, a subtle kind of boredom took possession of their hearts. Deliberately, often gently, they shook themselves free. Everything, so far as they were concerned, was at a dead end.

And, naturally, these people always attract love. Nearly everyone gets in abundance what they don't value, while others starve. It seems to be an unwritten law of life.

Well, maybe these odd people are fortunate. They may miss a lot of heaven, but they don't know hell. You may pity them if you like, but really I believe the people most to be pitied are—according to the French adage about there being always one who loves and one who allows himself to be loved—the ones who do the loving. These always seem to fall time after time into the trap to which their own tragic nature has condemned them. They love, they worship, they seek a divine possession; they end by suffocating the idol before whom they

prostrate themselves and become as metaphorical doormats, discarded before they are worn out. They love, they know what love really means, but never can they ever find the one who speaks the same language, or can appreciate the subtle technicalities of the deepest devotion. Well, perhaps there is never room for two on the heights. Not at the same moment and all the time.

Amy, the heroine of Fredericka Faxon's long novel, *Rehearsal* (Heinemann; 9s. 6d.), was well nigh of this unfortunate type. Consequently, this story, which is the story of her love-life, is mostly a succession of squibs which looked as if about to burst out into a kind of grand fireworks display, but were, alas! too damp.

## The Story of Amy

THE main outline of Amy's life, as others saw it, is that she was the daughter of a too-loving and ill-used mother, and of a father who lost his jobs as often as he lost his temper. Her parents kept a boarding-house in an American town. Amy, however, was really educated by Edward Garnett, an old family friend of over sixty, who sent her to an art-school. Here Amy fell in love with a young man who seemed willing to marry her until his father discovered their love-affair and forbade his son ever to see her again. He didn't; he was that kind of young man. Amy was heart-broken, vowing she would never love again. But of course she did, eventually—marrying Orrin Farr, whose sister, Isa, with whom he lived, had a subconscious and incestuous devotion for her brother.

By this time, of course, Amy had left the protection of old Mr. Garnett, with whom she had gone to live after the death of her parents. It was quite an innocent protection, however; as innocent as the

protection Orrin gave her in the shape of a private apartment when she left her elderly friend and began to live her own life as a working girl. Naturally there was talk in both instances, but not enough, strangely, to create a livid scandal. When at last Amy became Mrs. Orrin, her married life was ruined—partly, it seemed, from her husband's natural coldness, and partly by the devotion of his sister, who never forgave Amy marrying her beloved brother.

She had already been married several years, however, and was the mother of two children, when Mark, rich, handsome and a Don Juan, came upon the domestic scene. For a long time she tried to resist him, praying for death, but not, of course, dying. Then she became his mistress and, unique in his experience, he loved her for some years. Loved her, in fact, until Amy discovered that their way of loving and living was not God's way.

But, indeed, Mark struck me as being an unconvincing grand lover. The night when they at last decided to elope, he cried: "It has been a long time . . . my dear. I am athirst for your love. I will go down and put the car away"—all in one breath! But then, Amy too struck me as being more emotional than passionate. She seemed to adore scenes.

## Peace After Storm

IN the true spirit of old-fashioned melodrama, she parted from her lover in ecstatic fashion. "No one is free," she said. And in a calm voice she went on: "Look at me. Look in my eyes. . . . Do you not see something. . . . Do you not see something has separated us. . . . This." She pointed to the cross on her neck. Not to be outdone, he cried: "That!" He seized the cross, tore it from her, trampled it under foot. "That! . . . What is that? . . . A bauble. A trick. An idea." "No," she said, "it is peace." In fact, Amy struck me as being rather tiresome—except as she appears in the story, when, backed by her creator, we accept something of her desirableness.

The solution of her love-problem seemed to me the problem of those many women who have not enough to do and so spend an unconscionable time pondering over

(Concluded on page 310)

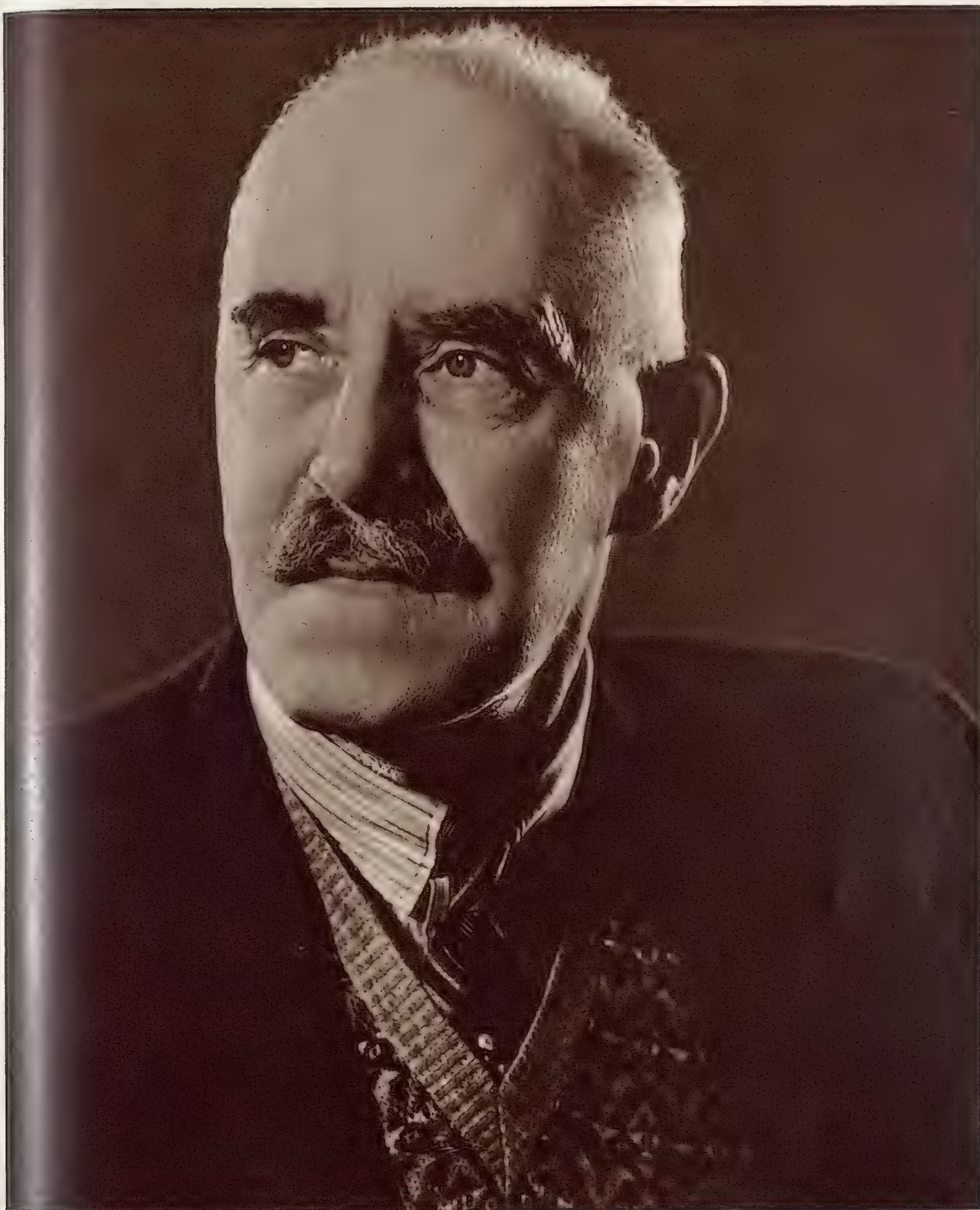


Tea for Perth, if air raids interrupt normal supplies, will be provided by a mobile canteen presented by the American Red Cross. The Countess of Elgin (left) made the presentation, on behalf of the donors, to Lord Provost Nimmo and Lady Norie-Miller, and they all drank a cup of tea to the canteen's success. Lady Norie-Miller is the wife of Sir Francis Norie-Miller, Bt., of Cleve, Perth, chairman of two great insurance companies



Tea for Liverpool, and food as well, is supplied by the Byrom Street communal feeding centre. Guest tea-drinkers here are Miss Mary Churchill and the Hon. Mrs. Randolph Churchill, the Premier's daughter and daughter-in-law. They were inspecting the Liverpool feeding centre because they are planning to organise a similar communal restaurant in the South of England





Anthony

## Colonel Josiah Wedgwood—Fighter For Freedom

"Were I asked," says the Prime Minister in his Foreword to *Memories of a Fighting Life*, "for the best evidence of the virtues of our democracy, I would cite the whole political life of my old and gallant friend, Jos. Wedgwood." Colonel the Rt. Hon. Josiah Wedgwood, P.C., D.S.O., M.P., published the story of his "fighting life" two months ago (Hutchinson's; 18s.), and a fascinating story it is, ranging breathlessly from the "great house" of his grandfather in Staffordshire, through the shipyards where he first worked as a naval architect, to South Africa, Flanders, Gallipoli, China, Hungary, India, and—scene of his greatest battles—the House of Commons. He has been Member—first Liberal, then Labour—for Newcastle-under-Lyme for thirty-five years, and during that time "the distressed of the whole world," as Mr. Churchill says, "have learnt to look to him, and through him to Parliament, for a patient hearing and the redress of wrongs." Besides his autobiography, Col. Wedgwood, in the intervals of his "persistent knight-errantry" on behalf of truth and justice, has written several books, including one on Staffordshire pottery, and another on Parliament, 1439-1509. He has recently compiled, with Allan Nevins, an anthology called *Forever Freedom* (Pelican: 6d.)



## With Silent Friends

(Continued)

their love-affairs, or lack of them. Indeed, except for the first half of the story, which is convincingly real, the best parts concern the association of mutual dislike between Amy and Orrin's sister, Isa. This is never melodramatic, except towards the very end, and is a very good description of the difficulty which some young wives have to encounter when their husbands leave a happy and too-comfortable home; associated with memories in which they can have no share.

On the other hand, very many women—and this is essentially a woman's novel—will enjoy Amy's passions and perplexities which culminated in a grand affair with an almost professional lover, notoriously faithless, and which lasted for years, only coming to an end after Amy had lost her beauty through an accident and found redemption in a realisation of God and the peacefulness of her own fireside, husband and children.

### Germany's Evil Record

"GERMANS have made five wars in the last seventy-five years, besides four 'near misses.' If Germans had had their way, there would have been a war every eight years for the last three-quarters of a century. This sequence is due to their character and system. I hope that these talks may help to dispel the timorous fallacy that men are not concerned by the systems of their neighbours." I cull this preliminary passage from the important little book which has just been written by Sir Robert Vansittart and published by Hamish Hamilton at the price of sixpence.

Actually the book is the printing of seven broadcasts which were delivered by Sir Robert to listeners overseas. Consequently very few people in this country heard them, though the enthusiasm of those who did made most of us regret our loss. The demand to have these talks made available to a larger public has led to their publication in book form.

It is an outspoken indictment. But it is no use mincing words when dealing with a nation whose record is not only black, but whose blackness is tinged with all the scientific cruelty of modern warfare. Sir Robert declares in the beginning that he is writing with his diplomat's coat off, and no one who reads will deny that his waistcoat was also unbuttoned. "This bird of prey," he writes, "is no sudden apparition. It is a species. Hitler is no accident. He is the natural and continuous product of a breed which from the dawn of history has been predatory and bellicose. It has thriven on indulgence, which has always been in favour of giving the aggressor another chance." And how true that is. If only the victory of 1918 had been pressed home with equal justice, but with infinitely more determination; there might, and probably would never have been a second world conflict.

Germany's history is merely a continuous repetition of her earlier savagery. In defeat they cringe; in success they are cruel and arrogant and vindictive. The true bully type, in fact... Now, flushed by what they believe to be success, they openly boast of those traits which have made their name stink so often in the history of the past hundred years. It is as well that they have thus come into the open. We know now, though before we may have felt a certain shame to confess our

knowledge concerning a partner in civilisation, that there never has been and there never will be mercy for the German conquered.

### Germany's New Order in Europe

SHOULD Hitler win—though he will not—then there would be born in Europe a New Order such as Europe has not known since the reign of barbarism, with all the methods of modern torture and tyranny added to that evil state. Sir Robert tells us that slavery is to be reintroduced among the subject peoples purely for the benefit of the German nation. And he underlines this statement on many occasions throughout his book. It is an outrageous possibility, yet it is within the boundary of the possible. How then deal with such a national mentality and morality when, at last, Germany is brought to her knees, as she must and will be? Can a whole nation so change that within a generation it can be encouraged to march in step with civilisation as civilisation has grown up through the centuries by mistakes and the rectification of mistakes?

Sir Robert thinks that such a change may be possible. He writes: "Nothing in history is impossible. The soul of a people can be changed. Other peoples have performed the feat. Why not Germany? Because she has not really tried. The effort can be made, but it will have to be a very big effort. You have seen how far the German character has to go. I told you at the outset that the cure will have to be drastic and largely self-administered. Without a fundamental change of soul, no other cure, no mere administrative or technical tinkering can be permanent. I will only add that it must at best be slow. It will take at least a generation. Germans

call themselves a young nation. They are not. They are as old as anyone else. They are quite old enough to know better. But they don't and—so far—they don't want to."

Above all, he warns us never to be duped by Germany again, especially by her promises. Only a complete victory by Britain can bring about a German regeneration. "Above all," Sir Robert warns us, "never be duped by the type of German who says that he disapproves of atrocities, but was obliged to commit them out of loyalty to the Fatherland. If one's father is a professional murderer, one should help the police, not rush into the same profession."

Well, it is a grim problem indeed which will confront the world at the end of hostilities, and although this important and vital little book does not seek to solve the problem, it nevertheless puts forward one viewpoint which should never again be forgotten by those who, when the time comes, will be asked to dictate the terms of peace. Nor, indeed, by the world at large when once those terms of peace have been dictated.



Mrs. Gerard Akerman

An interesting book to be published shortly is "Red Tape Notwithstanding," written by Mrs. Gerard Akerman, relating the adventures of the Mechanised Transport Corps in France at the time of the capitulation. Mrs. Akerman was Commandant of the Paris Headquarters; she broadcast an account of the M.T.C. escape on her return to London. Formerly Mrs. Yvonne Macdonald, she recently married Mr. Gerard Akerman, now with the Royal Dutch Army in England



Mrs. Gerald Lenanton

Mrs. Lenanton, who writes under her maiden name of Carola Oman, is the wife of Captain Gerald Lenanton, Deputy Timber Controller, and a daughter of Sir Charles Oman, the historian and a Fellow of All Souls. Her two most recent books were historical biographies, "Henrietta Maria" and "Elizabeth of Bohemia," and the latest, due for publication, is a modern novel of English country life. Mrs. Lenanton is now working with the British Red Cross Society in the West Country





### Home Defence Force D.S.O.

Flt.-Lt. Harbourne Mackay Stephen, who had already gained the D.F.C. and Bar, has now received the D.S.O. as a field award on the recommendation of Air Marshal W. Sholto Douglas, A.O.A.-in-C, Fighter Command. It is the first D.S.O. given to a member of the British Home Defence Force. All these decorations were handed to Flt.-Lieut. Stephen, in the presence of his mother, with whom he is seen, by the King, who congratulated him on his achievements

### Winner of the D.S.C.

The D.S.C. was won by Lieut. R. A. Vallings, R.N.R., seen near the Palace with Mrs. Gallick



### Three Winners of the D.F.C.

Squadron Leader Lionel Manley Gaunce, from Toronto, Canada; Flt.-Lieut. Petrus Hendrik Hugo, from Johannesburg, South Africa; and Flying Officer Home, who comes from Yorkshire, were snapped by their car after being invested with their Distinguished Flying Crosses

### New D.F.C. and New Knight



Sir Patrick Dollan, the Lord Provost of Glasgow, who received his knighthood, and his wife, Lady Dollan, met Squadron Leader Sandy Johnstone, awarded the D.F.C., as they left the Palace

P./O. John McGrath was awarded the D.F.C. for courage in engagements with the enemy, over Arras and Dunkirk. He is leaving the courtyard with his wife, formerly Martha Jane Mooney, of New York, who he married last November, and his mother, Mrs. George McGrath



### Senior Air Officers

Air Commodore (T.) C. R. Carr, D.F.C., A.F.C., talked to Group Captain C. A. Bouchier, C.B.E., and his wife, Mrs. Bouchier, after the two airmen received their honours from H.M. the King

## An Investiture

### The King Honours the Services



### W.V.S. Chairman

Miss Fenno and Miss Charnaud accompanied the latter's sister, the Dowager Marchioness of Reading, Chairman of the W.V.S., to Buckingham Palace. The D.B.E. was conferred on her by the King

### Pilot Officer's D.F.C.



# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## A Great "Jockey"

GENERAL WAVELL has never made a hobby of riding races, but what a great jockey has obviously been denied to the turf! He is a Sam Chifney and a Fred Archer rolled into one.

Chifney was the great exponent, and the originator, of the pause, that split second of balance which results in the storage of energy which enables a horse to go just a little bit faster after having been steadied. It is the art which has turned many possible defeats into brilliant victories. The Chifney rush is historic. Anyone can test the efficacy of this pause when he is trying to overtake someone who is walking at the same pace as he is himself. Overtaking may seem impossible, and probably would prove to be so, if this momentary check were not employed.

Archer was the prime exponent of audacity and, like Chifney, a marvellous judge of pace.

It is hardly necessary to read General Wavell's Lees-Knowles lectures, delivered at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1939, and published by *The Times* last week, to understand why he has won his brilliant victories in Libya and elsewhere. No one but a fine "jockey" could have done that which he has done. What gifts of price are judgment of pace and balance! The former is probably in-bred, the latter is acquired by the good horseman, the good fencer, and also by the good dancer, and the second and third are the best ingredients from which to make the first.

## Libyan Ridge and Furrow

A GUNNER officer who was in the Desert Dart from Tobruk to Benghazi retorted, when it was suggested that the country over which the mechanised force had advanced was "more or less flat," that it was just about as flat as the worst of our own ridge and furrow magnified by a hundred. This says a whole library to anyone who has ever ridden over it in countries where it is unpleasantly deep on a horse that does not meet it just right.

What it must have been like on a steel horse can easily be imagined. Out hunting we can sometimes take it on the cross: in this high-speed Libyan operation they had no time to waste; they had to take it as it came. A horse that is a bit awkward at it sometimes makes you think that you are in a ship going into a short head sea, and people with sensitive interiors have ere now said that it almost made them seasick. What the chaps in these tanks must have suffered, a cursory glance at a contour map will give you a very good idea.

Maybe in this land we shall never again ride over this billowy grass, which, incidentally, was originally arable, for the plough has claimed four million acres already, and there is more to come.

## The Seats of the Mighty

THE particular ones to which this paragraph title refers are their seats on a horse, for equitation and military glory have so often gone hand-in-hand. At this moment, when we are waiting inside the modern



## Bahamian Yachtsman

Mr. Harold Christie's ancestor migrated from Scotland in the eighteenth century to the Bahamas and settled on Harbour Island, one of the Bahamian beauty spots. Mr. Christie himself is a member of the Legislative Council, part-owner of the Bahamas Airways, and one of Nassau's biggest promoters

Lines of Torres Vedras, thought naturally turns to one of the best horsemen of any officer who was C-in-C. the British forces in the field, the more readily so because the father of our present Commander-in-Chief, Sir Alan Brooke, was a Master of the hounds which are the direct descendants of Wellington's, the Pau.

The Iron Duke founded this pack in 1814, but after the end of the Peninsular War they fell into abeyance for twenty-six years. Sir Victor Brooke, the third baronet, had them from 1885 to 1888, the hunt having been revived in 1840 by Sir Henry Oxenden, who had them for seven seasons.

The present C-in-C. is a very nice horseman, even if he be not in the same class as that other C-in-C. or with someone whose



## The Waterloo Cup: Winner, Owner and Trainer

Swinging Light, against whom 40 to 1 was offered on the day of the draw, won the Waterloo Cup. His owner is Mr. C. M. Cowan, of Liverpool (right), and his trainer (left) is Harold Wright, who has now trained six Cup winners. Tying the blue ribbon on Swinging Light's collar is Mr. Cowan's sister. In the final Swinging Light beat Mrs. F. H. Kent's Stanbridge Selerity



## Winner of the Waterloo Purse

Magic Hand, owned by Mr. M. F. Horlock, won the Waterloo Purse at the Altcar meeting, which concluded last Saturday week, beating Miss Fawcett's Boiler in the final. With the owner here is his wife, holding the gold trophy. The Waterloo Plate was won by Lady Sefton's String



name is almost equally renowned in the history of the Army, and who was always "Bobs Bahadur" to the man who carried the rifle.

### "Bobs" and Others

**L**ORD ROBERTS was quite first-class, a very light weight with a beautiful seat in the saddle and those first-class hands which invariably go with it. If the platform is a good one there is no necessity for any aid from what is called hanging on by the head.

Sir George White, the heroic defender of Ladysmith, was another C-in-C. (India) who was in the top class. He was a heavy-weight, and once upon a time broke a leg riding in one of those rough-and-tumble things, a Calcutta paperchase.

Another C-in-C. in India, who came not so long after Sir George White, Lord Kitchener, also met with a like disaster, but it happened when he was out hacking in Simla, and it was this fall which lamed him for life. Lord Kitchener was not in the same class as a horseman as the other distinguished officers just named, though it is on record that in his younger days he rode in and won a steeplechase in Cyprus.

Poor "Fitz" (Lieut.-Colonel O. A. G. Fitzgerald), who was "K's" Military Secretary some time after Lord Birdwood, was first-class, as also was "Birdie" himself, and as a general rule the people on that staff were all pretty good. Lieut.-Colonel Medlicott, a Kadir Cup winner, for one, and there were others mainly from the cavalry.

Lord Kitchener's great opposite number, Lord Curzon, per contra, was very ordinary in the ranks of the seats of the mighty, but then, very few Viceroy's ever attained the top class, one notable exception being Lord Minto ("Mr. Rolly"), who rode in four Grand Nationals and dislocated his neck when Mr. Maunsell Richardson's Zero fell with him in the race which was won by Captain Machell's Regal in 1876.

Another honourable exception amongst Viceroy's was Lord Halifax (Lord Irwin). He is a former Joint Master of the Middleton and also of his own harriers, the Garrowby.

### Indian Highlanders

**I**t bodes no good at all for the people who are battling on the other side when the hillmen are on the warpath! A part of their battle-song is comprised in the words "Din! Din!" It means, "Kill! Kill!" Such information as we are permitted to have from the point of contact on the Eritrean front tells us that included in the troops from India are certain units from the North-West Frontier, a singularly wild and warlike region where every baby learns how to shoot almost as soon as he can walk.

They used to be called "The Piffers," short for Punjab Frontier Force, and many of the regiments are made up of four companies of dyed-in-the-wool tribesmen, Afridis, Orakzais and suchlike called generically "Paythans" by Thomas Atkins; two companies of Punjabi Mahomedans, and two companies of those fine and most orderly troops, Dogras, who are not followers of The Prophet. I read that the "infantry are finding themselves much at home," and are walking up these Eritrean heights with disconcerting speed. The "heights" are said to be child's play compared to the stuff to which they are accustomed in their homeland. We used to call the Himalayas just "hills" and never talked about "heights," let alone about mountains. But, believe me, who is someone who never wants to see them again excepting through a telescope, they are hills all right.

There is only one other kind of soldier than a Frontier one who might go up them faster, and that is a Gurkha. He also is very fond of cold steel, and many a time these warriors have slung their rifles and gone in with their national weapon, the kukri, a curved and very sharp cutting knife. With this they can cut a pig's carcass in half with one smack, and they do this for exhibition purposes at their regimental sports. I sympathise with the Italian troops in the present circumstances.

The Indian sappers and miners who have been doing so well in these operations must be, I take it, that fine corps, the Queen Victoria's Own Madras Sappers and Miners.

### Carter of the Eton Mission

**B**OTH Old Etonians and not so Old Etonians will agree that no better epitaph could have been bestowed upon this very gentle man, who was the greatest pillar the Eton Mission at Hackney Wick has ever had. This is Dr. Carter's epitaph: "No man ever went to him with a good suggestion without being encouraged to carry it into practice." When he went to Hackney Wick they knocked his hat off and threw rotten eggs at him; when he left they worshipped him.

This gives the index to a character for the loss of which not only Eton but the world is the poorer.



Rugger at Bristol: the Oxford XV

Stuart

Back: W. J. K. Butterfield (Solihull and Exeter), J. Roberts (Bradford High School and B.N.C.), H. A. K. Rowland, W. E. Fox (St. Bee's and Exeter), C. R. S. Jackson (Oundle and St. John's), W. N. S. Thomas (R. Masonic School and Balliol), S. Bolton (Harrow and Trinity), S. Williams  
Centre: R. W. Pennock (Coatham and Merton), M. J. Long (Ampleforth and Pembroke), Keith Scott, captain (Clifton and Lincoln), W. M. Bayliss (Cheltenham and Wadham), K. F. Prebble (Cranleigh and Wadham)

Front: J. M. Blair (Edinburgh Academy and Corpus), R. L. Richards (Denstone and Keble).  
The Oxford XV. are due to meet Cambridge at Cambridge on Saturday, with Keith Scott captaining



The Rev. Peter Brook's XV. Beaten by Oxford

Stuart

Back: L. J. Corbett, referee; J. H. Parsons (Cambridge), H. E. Steel (Yorkshire), L. Jefferies (Bristol), T. Mahony (Bristol and Somerset), A. T. Payne (Bristol and England), Captain Quarry (Harlequins), N. Gibbs, R. H. Oats and B. F. Webster (all three Clifton College)

Front: C. R. Murphy (English Trial and Bristol), Wilfred Wooller (Cambridge and Wales), the Rev. P. W. P. Brook, captain (Cambridge and England), R. R. Morris (Bristol and Wales), W. E. Jones (Neath and Wales), K. J. Foss (Bath and Somerset)

In spite of having six Internationals playing for them, the Rev. Peter Brook's side could not keep pace with the younger men, and were defeated in their game against Oxford at Bristol by 27 points to 9



# Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

## Flame and Fame

A FRIEND, talking to me about the German air raids the other day, claimed—rather sadly—that he had achieved special distinction for being almost the only remaining person in the City of London who had *not* put out an incendiary bomb. He added that children and old women had put them out, but that he had never even seen one dropped in anger.

His bitterness about the whole thing is understandable, for I suppose that there is nobody on earth who is better prepared for dealing with fire-bombs of all kinds. His house is a veritable fire-station, with bags of sand and stirrup-pumps all over the place.

Moreover, he himself has spent hours reading, learning and practising the right methods of fire-fighting. If you call on him in the evening, he will look up at the sky and say: "Do you think the weather is good enough for them to come over and drop incendiaries to-night?" If you say "No," he will be downcast and morose for the rest of the evening. If you say "Yes," a gleam will come in his eye, he will look with pride at his polished fire-fighting equipment and excuse himself in order to go to see that the asbestos suit and the long-handled shovel on the top landing are all ready.

## Preparation and Anticipation

ONE would almost feel sorry for any incendiary bomb which happened to drop near him. It would not only be extinguished, but permanently obliterated,

and that strictly according to the instructions contained in the official text-books.

All of which has a bearing on the possibilities of air invasion—of the landing in this country of numerous air-borne troops. Some say our preparations will never be wanted. It is indisputably true that the more complete and the better they are, the more likely it is that they will never be wanted.

Preparing to meet air-borne invasion, therefore, is to some extent a counter to it. The more highly developed the bomb aplomb of the populace, the less the effect of bombs and the less the chances of their being used.

## Parascoop

THAT was a tonic story that came out of Italy about the middle of February about a party of British parachutists which had landed there. I am writing these notes before the official statement about their activities, and so must confine them to generalities.

We were late in appreciating the value of paratroops. Of that there is no doubt. I was writing about them years before the war, and I was persuaded by one editor to make an official inquiry about them at the War Office. The reply was non-committal, but it did say that no parachute troops were at that time under training, a thing which disappointed me very much.

But now our usual genius for being late, but better, has asserted itself. Those men who took on the job in Southern Italy were truly magnificent. A parachute drop over

friendly country is, to my mind, nerve-racking enough; but to drop in enemy country at a time when it was known that we could not get forces over land to relieve them is a feat which demands what seems to me almost superhuman courage.

I am looking forward to the time when we can name those men and pay to them the tribute they deserve. For remember that their feat was a more difficult one than the feat of the German parachutists in Holland. The Germans knew that reinforcements were on their way by air and land, and they also—according to the Netherlands observers—used counterfeit uniforms. Our men used proper British uniforms and had no hope of reinforcement.

It was a magnificent exploit. Nothing finer has been seen in the present war.

## Air-borne Tanks

RELATED to the paratroops are the air-borne tanks. Russia was the first to develop the paratroops seriously and she has also done something towards developing air-borne tanks. But so far the method is limited.

One has only to look at the loads of the big bombers and then at the weights of the smallest tanks to realise that bigger aeroplanes than anything we have yet would be needed if the orthodox kind of tank were to be landed from the air.

But a specialised form of light tank might be evolved for carriage by air. It could not be much more than an armoured car—and the armour would be pretty light at that—but it might be useful for the kind of surprise work behind the lines that seems to be popular to-day as a mode of war.

I am prepared to say quite bluntly and finally, however, that neither side could land real medium or heavy tanks by air. Motor-bicycles and ultra-light vehicles of all kinds are much more likely.

## Tip

WHEN the Vickers-Armstrong "Spitfire III." was announced, it was said that it had clipped wing-tips. But a Royal Air Force friend told me the other day that, in fact, this machine is to have the same sort of wings as the earlier model, and that the clipped wing-tips have been put back.

That is rather interesting, because one of the most pleasing things about the "Spitfire" is the delightful taper of the wings. When the tips were cut off, it seemed from drawings that were printed that ugly square ends were to be left. In fact, the amputation looked like a botched job.

Now, my view is that a good aeroplane looks good. I put that theory to the test in about a hundred different types that I flew before I gave up active piloting, and it worked every time.

So I found it difficult to believe that a "Spitfire" whose appearance had been spoilt would be better than the original one, whose appearance was perhaps the best of any military aeroplane in the world. And now, if it is true that the wing-tips have gone back, we shall still see the delightful lines of the "Spitfire I." echoed in the "Spitfire III."

Meanwhile, the increase in engine-power and improvements in certain other directions will have given the increased performance which will be so necessary when the next big air clash comes.

I have not yet seen a "Tornado," though I am always on the look-out for one. But I shall be interested to find out if its lines support my theory that the good aeroplane always looks good.



Cricketer and Air Commodore

Flt.-Lt. R. W. V. Robins, the well-known Middlesex and England cricketer, is now working as physical-training instructor and organiser of all games at an R.A.F. station. He was photographed with his C.O., Air Commodore E. A. B. Rice, C.B.E. (right)



Aviation Pioneer

Group Captain G. R. Ashton, A.F.C., one of the pioneers of aviation, has had twenty-eight years of continuous service and is still flying. He joined the Royal Naval Flying Corps, attached R.F.C., in 1912



## With the Fleet Air Arm — No. 26



“The Kitchen Front”: By Wing Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

Heavy seas and rough weather do not make life easier in the galley of an aircraft-carrier, where the cooks are preparing a superb lunch, which is being given to some important guests. Boiling water pours out of every sort of cooking utensil; a chicken hangs dangerously suspended from a necklace of sausages; lobsters, crab and fish fall about in reckless confusion, and one of the cooks has capsized into a dish of scalding water. But in spite of these difficulties and contretemps, the situation will be mastered and a perfectly good lunch served in the ward-room. Our artist, Wing Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler, who served at the beginning of the war in the Coastal Command, R.A.F., is leaving the Observer Corps, having been appointed a county organiser under the new Air Training Corps Scheme. His drawings will appear once a fortnight



# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



**Delacombe—Foster**

Major Rohan Delacombe, Royal Scots, only son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Addis Delacombe, of Shrewton Manor, Salisbury, and Eleanor Joyce Foster, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lionel Foster, of Egton Manor, Egton Bridge, Yorks., were married at St. Hilda's, Egton



*Lenore*

**Mrs. G. A. F. Norfolk**

Mary Joan Matthews, W.R.N.S., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Matthews, of Beadles Hall, Chignal Smealy, Essex, was married in Scotland to Com. George A. F. Norfolk, R.N., son of the late Captain S. B. Norfolk, R.N., and the late Mrs. Norfolk



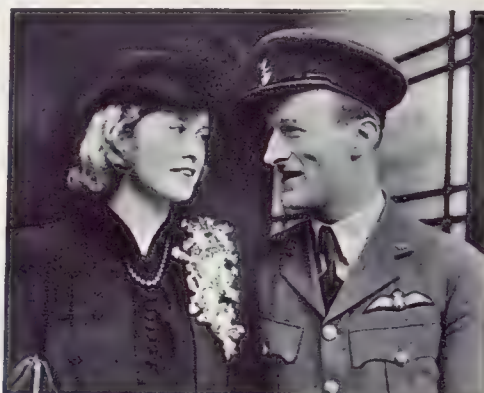
**Bowen—Buckland**

Air Commodore H. G. Bowen, M.B.E., R.A.F., and Betty Buckland, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Buckland, of 6, Kensington Park Gardens, W.11, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place. He is the son of the late Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. A. S. Bowen



**Rabagliati—Capon**

Pilot Officer Duncan Neil Rabagliati, R.A.F., and Doreen Frances Capon were married at St. John's, Hyde Park Crescent. His parents are Major and Mrs. D. S. Rabagliati, of Fidora, St. Margaret's Rd., Edinburgh. She is the daughter of the late Dr. Capon, and Mrs. Capon, of 36, Queensborough Terrace, W.2



**Rawnsley—Hugh-Jones**

Flying Officer Derek L. Rawnsley, R.A.F.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. Noel Rawnsley, of Anacapri, Italy, and Brenda Mary Hugh-Jones, daughter of Llewelyn Hugh-Jones, of Athens, and Mrs. Pelly, of Kingsteignton, Devon, were married at Caxton Hall register office. The bride works at the Ministry of Economic Warfare



**Box—Allen**

Leslie Bowen Box, R.A.F.V.R., son of H. T. Box, of 40, Palace Road, Llandaff, Cardiff, and Anne Ruth Allen, younger daughter of Paymaster Rear-Admiral Sir Bertram and Lady Allen, of 67, Grove Hall Court, N.W.8, were married at St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace



**Gilchrist—Gerrard**

Sec.-Lieut. A. H. Gilchrist, Gordon Highlanders, and Doreen Gerrard were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. He is the son of W. J. Gilchrist, of Diamond Street, Aberdeen. She is the daughter of R. E. Gerrard, of Stanway, New Southgate



**Nicholson—Maurice-Green**

Captain Basil Nicholson, R.E., the England and Harlequins Rugby player, was married at St. Michael's, Aldershot, to Gilda Maurice-Green, actress daughter of Captain Maurice-Green, R.N.V.R., Clerk of the Senate, Houses of Parliament, Cape Town



**Evans—Taylor**

Captain Rodney Kendrick Evans, R.A., only son of D. G. Evans, of Lyndhurst, Warren Drive, Wallasey, Cheshire, and Joyce Elizabeth Mary Taylor, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Taylor, of King's Court, King's Road, S.W.3, were married at Chelsea register office





# Tailoring

CLASSIC OR  
"SOFT"

(Below)

A "softly"-tailored ensemble in a lightweight feather delaine; the simply-cut frock has a slightly flared skirt; collarless coat, slightly waisted, with wide, padded shoulders and welted inset pockets. In London tan, green and a few new colours. Made to order

18½ Gns.



(Above)

Tailored in a soft black suiting, this Classic town suit has the high buttoning coat, small revers and smart double pockets; the skirt has flat pleats in the front panel—fine military braid gives interesting accent. Made to order

18½ Gns.

## Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1

LANgham 4444

(Debenhams Ltd.)





# Bubble and Squeak

## Stories From Everywhere

THE pretty girl was collecting for the local hospital, and to her delight was able to get hold of a famous film-star who was visiting the town. She returned to the collecting office flourishing a cheque.

"Just look what I've got!" she cried gaily. "A cheque from Mr. Blank for ten guineas!"

"That's grand," said the secretary of the organisation, as he held out his hand for the cheque. Then he added: "But there's no signature!"

"Oh, I know," said the girl brightly. "I cut it off for my autograph collection!"

THE artist was visiting the house of his only patron.

"Oh, by the way," said the host, "did you hear about the burglary here the other night?"

"No. Did they get much?"

"A couple of clocks, some silver, and—you know that picture I've just bought from you? They cut it out of its frame and—"

"Did they?" cried the delighted artist. "My fortune's made! This is just the advertisement I've been waiting for for years!"

"—and went off with the frame," continued his patron.

THE super-politeness one sometimes encounters in our large stores led to an amusing incident the other day.

A man home on leave from the East visited a big emporium on the hunt for some clothes appropriate to this climate. He was met by a stately shopwalker.

"What is your pleasure, sir?" the shopwalker asked.

The visitor's eyes lit up.

"Do you have a bar here, then?" he asked.

"WHEN I was in Montana," said the old bore in the club-room, "I had a number of interesting experiences. One morning, just as I was shaving, a large lion came into the camp. It was a fierce-looking brute, but with great presence of mind I seized a bucket of water in which I was shaving and threw it at the lion. With its tail between its legs, it slunk miserably away."

There was dead silence for a moment as the other people present considered this most unlikely story. Then the little man in the corner chimed in.

"Say, boys," he said quietly, "I can vouch for the truth of that story. Five minutes after it happened I was walking along the same road. I met this lion, and, as is my usual habit, I stopped to stroke his whiskers. Boys, those whiskers were wet."

THE strong man at the fair had just finished squeezing the juice out of a lemon.

Holding it up before the crowd, he shouted: "I'll give five pounds to anyone who can squeeze another drop of juice out of this lemon!"

Up stepped a little man. He gripped the lemon and, to the surprise of the crowd, squeezed several more drops from it.

"It's easy," he murmured. "I'm an income-tax collector."



"No, sir! Aubrey Reginald Potts!"

ANOTHER "hill-billy" story from the States:

It was a very hot afternoon. On the porch of their dilapidated shack a hill-billy and his wife were sleeping peacefully. The door of their house was open, and the flies buzzed in and out like guests of a Greenwich Village party.

A tornado was on the way, but the hill-billy and his wife had no way of knowing about it. So they slept right on, and when the tornado struck they were still sleeping.

The tornado lifted the house from its creaky foundation and carried it away as though it were a feather. But, strange as it may seem—and some very strange things happen in these alleged jokes—the porch on which the couple slept was left untouched. The house was gone, but the porch remained.

A short while later the hill-billy's wife awakened. She started to step into the house—but there wasn't any house. So she rushed over and roused her husband.

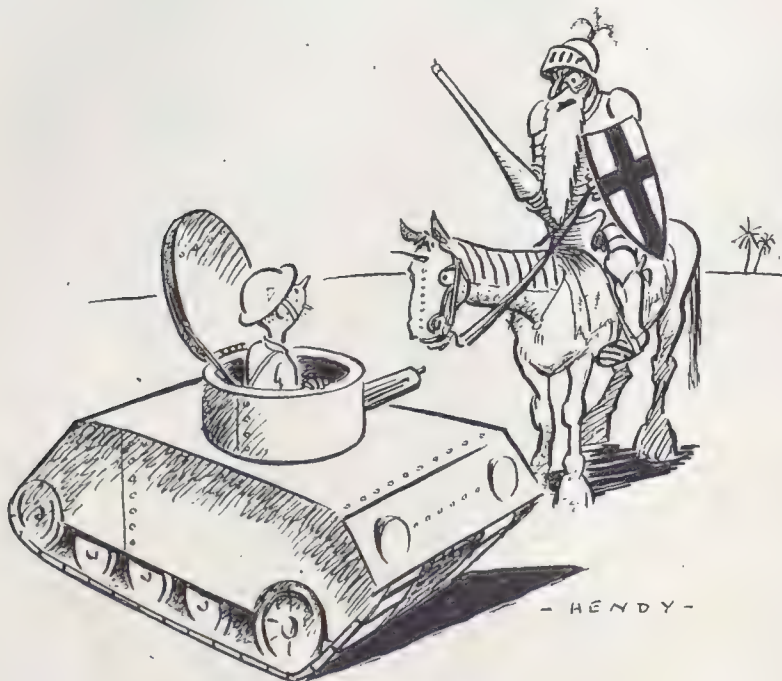
"Zeke," she cried excitedly, "whut's happened to our house?"

The hill-billy sat up, looked around and scratched his head.

"Hanged if I know," he drawled. "It was hyar when I went to sleep a few hours ago. Guess somebody must of stole it."

His wife wagged a reproving finger at him.

"If somebody's stole it, it's all your fault!" she scolded. "I told yer to keep the door locked!"



"Have you seen anything of Richard I's lot?"



# TAILORED SKIRTS at *Lillywhites* LTD



All wool grey flannel is used for this classically pleated skirt, with side zip fastener and slender hip fitting.

Hip sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 **49/6**



Well fitting skirt in Munrospun check tweed. The check is used in reverse on the two front panels and roomy patch pockets. In mist blue/grey, almond green/lovet, burgundy/mid blue or honey/clerical grey.

Hip sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 **63/-**



A skirt in self-coloured herringbone tweed, with new rolled gores swinging from slim fitting hip line. Side zip fastening and useful buttoned pockets. In caramel, nut brown, light navy, woodland green or mulberry.

Hip sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 **45/-**  
Also in grey flannel **52/6**

LILLYWHITES LTD., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, S.W.1

## MORE POPULAR THAN EVER



In the Mess, in hotels, restaurants and bars—no less than in the home—the call is for Whitbread's superb Pale Ale.

Brewed from British hops and barley; appetizing, refreshing, stimulating; Whitbread's superb Pale Ale is more popular than ever.

# WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE

BREWED & BOTTLED BY WHITBREAD & CO., LTD., LONDON, E.C.1



## *The Highway of Fashion by M. E. Brooke*



### *Shaded Beaver • Felt • Petersham*

Bradley's, Chepstow Place, are showing their collection of spring hats. There is a certain restraint about the creations, as they must be in harmony with the times. Youthful, nevertheless dignified, is the shaded beaver wrap on the left above. The "panel" sleeves are a decided innovation; and may be worn either as sleeves or decorations. The hat casts particularly becoming shadows across the face, and is composed of leather and petersham

### *Silver Fox • Felt • Ribbon*

Nothing will ever cast a shadow across the path of silver fox. It photographs beautifully, and is as becoming to the blonde as to the brunette. No, there is no muff in this picture; the skins are merely arranged to suggest that there may be one if desired. There are other models, of course, in this most luxurious fur, which is really a gilt-edged investment. The distinctive interlaced white felt hat which completes the scheme is finished with satin ribbon

### *Blue Fox • Straw • Argus Quill*

There is something about natural blue fox that women are totally unable to resist. The chef d'œuvre pictured on the left is composed of two skins; hence it may be arranged in a variety of ways. This is an immense advantage. The hat, so simple nevertheless so distinctive, is of course straw, ornamented with Argus quills and ribbon. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that a feature is here made of fur accessories that will give a social uplift to any ensemble or frock



... the most  
practical coat — with  
HOOD or without  
HOOD — at special price



## The Reversible COAT

"Two-in-one"

This practical Reversible Coat will be useful for chilly spring days. Perfectly tailored from a woollen material, in the casual slip-on style. In clever colour contrasts of navy/off-white, powder/wine, wine/Air Force blue or wine/off-white. A coat for now and right through the season. Hip sizes

**69/6**

Post free

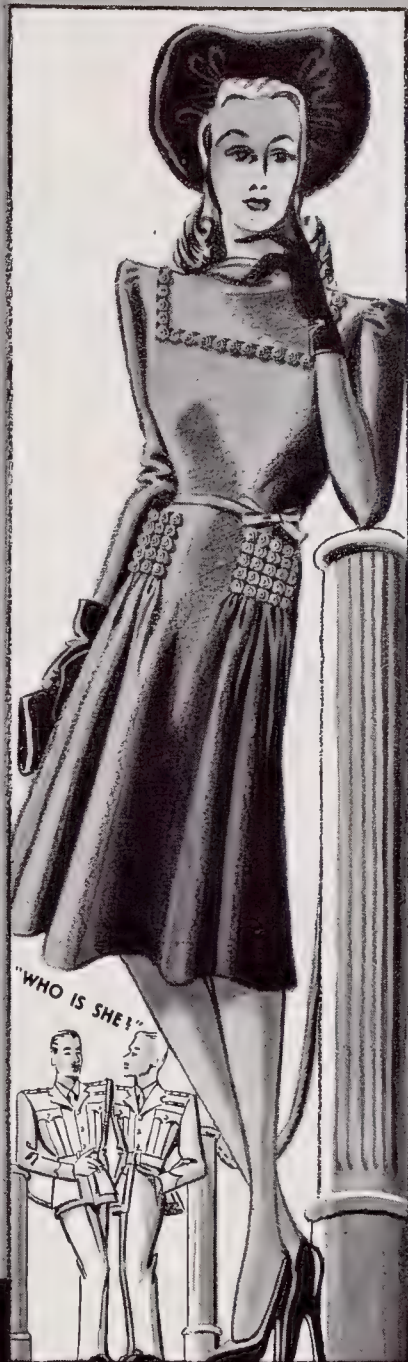
Inexpensive Coats—Second Floor

Please state second choice of colour

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Spring Catalogue?

**Swan & Edgar**

Piccadilly Circus, W.1



Lovely to look at—in her new Spring Hershelle dress! Made from fine pebble woollen with original shell rouleaux work in self material and interesting hip gathering. In cactus green or other attractive shades.

Look for the name **HERSHELLE**  
on the label . .



**HERSHELLE** models are sold by the better shops and stores everywhere. For the name of your nearest retailer write to H. Bernstein Limited, Great Titchfield Street, London, W.1.

**S**martness  
without  
repression



**ALTHOUGH** so smart, so slenderising, there is nothing hampering about a **KONERAY**. With graduated knife edge pleats all round that taper off into a slim fitting hip line, it gives delightful freedom of action without the hip bulkiness associated with old time pleated skirts. Drapers and stores stock the **KONERAY** in a variety of quality materials. Prices from 33'6. Investigate without delay.

**KONERAY**

"Koneray" 

**PLEATED SKIRTS**

MANUFACTURERS: **C. STILLITZ**  
LEAMINGTON SPA, WARWICKSHIRE



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Mayfair's Rendezvous

Let's make it

Shepherd's today

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GROSVENOR 3017

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DINNER : SUPPER : DANCING  
to Tim Clayton and his orchestra

Open for Luncheon

Mayfair 1657

30 feet underground

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AIR RAID LUNCH 8/6  
BLACKOUT DINNER 10/6

4 Courses including Oysters or à la Carte

★ BLACKOUT TAXI SERVICE ★  
TO AND FROM PRUNIER'S

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Bouillabaisse	1 portion	5/-
	3 portions	15/-
Homard		
à l'Américaine	2 portions	15/-
	5 portions	37/6
Civet de Lièvre	1 portion	5/-
	3 portions	15/-
Pâté de Lapereau	4 portions	8/6
Pâté de Lièvre	4 portions	8/6

BETWEEN YOU AND ME—  
AND I MEAN YOU—

The Menu at  
**le bon Vin**  
CLUB  
is a gourmet's dream

DIRECTION: V. DAVICO

SHEPHERD MARKET, MAYFAIR. GROS: 1150  
OPEN FOR LUNCH ONLY AT PRESENT

## Round the Restaurants

"The Tatler and Bystander" Guide to Lunching,  
Dining and Dancing in Wartime London



"Gad, Sir! Ronald Frankau  
is right!"

## The May Fair

IF you want to find out how many stage and screen folk have stuck to London in spite of the theatrical lull of this winter, go along to the May Fair's Viking bar some lunchtime. Long a rendezvous of stars and moguls, it is now a sort of central clearing house for topliners and the men behind the movies.

And they are wise in their season, as you will find out for yourself when you have sampled a Viking lunch or dinner, complete with truly Scandinavian smørrebrød and a plat du jour with a highly unpronounceable name and an equally highly admirable flavour. Not of course that you can't also feast on more conventionally London foods, but those who have never yet encountered the special gastronomic joys of Scandinavia would be ill-advised to pass up the chance next time they have a brief mealtime to use up round May Fair way.

Those who have known and mourned the glories of København need only be told that Miss Petersen, who is in charge, comes from that blessed city and knows all the tricks that made it one of Europe's most delightful eating and drinking places. In fact the whole atmosphere echoes the injunction, written in Danish over the door, to the effect that all good Vikings can find time for another spot of the right stuff before going home.

Downstairs in the garden room the evenings of the May Fair's enthusiastic host of regulars are for the twelfth time in two years being enlivened by Ronald Frankau, who in those two years has never been away more than two months at a stretch. This week he is introducing the thirty-seventh song he has written for the May Fair in that period. Called "Though You've Never Been to Any Public School," it comes good and topically from old-Etonian Frankau to an audience composed largely of field officers. And they're taking it as they've taken the other thirty-six, not just on the chin, but with whoops and hunting cries for more.

## The Lansdowne

DANCING in the two-and-sixpennies with the band where the screen once was, and seeing one's food come apparently from the movie projection room is no longer a novelty or a surprise to Lansdowners. What will never cease to be a novelty and a surprise is the way Fernandez has come unruffled through these and attendant difficulties, changes and chances, the way he keeps the Lansdowne at precisely that pitch of excellence which had its old quarters crowded out before the bombardment moved it downstairs.

Now he is sadly turning away even more people than he used to; even though so many patrons are now denizens of field or sky or sea rather than of Mayfair. Fact is that not only the old regulars never fail to include a visit to the Lansdowne whenever they get up to town, but its fame has now been bruited abroad in the messes and ward rooms of this country to bring a new host of enthusiasts. And as nobody in their senses would ever give up going to the Lansdowne, the clientele just grows and grows.

They come to have a drink and a word with Sid in the bar; they bring the girl friend to dance to Tim Clayton and his band, now as firm favourites at the Lansdowne as ever they were at the Four Hundred; they come in their parties, their droves to greet and be looked after by the incomparable Fernandez. And in all respects they get the goods.



Fernandez puts on as good  
a show as ever

## Hatchett's

I HAVE indicated before how rapidly Hatchett's has been progressing from its only quite recent start as a place to dance towards the very heights of eminence as a musical hotspot. And now there is another big step to chronicle. George Shearing, the brilliant young pianist who used to lead the St. Regis quintet, has for some time now been adding lustre to the swingtet. Shearing has long been rated by the cognoscenti as something a good deal more than up-and-coming, and his joining up with the gay band under the sway of Dennis Moonan's claret-coloured smoking jacket is a musical event.

Just to round off the picture Dorothy Carless is still singing and Stephane Grappelly still swinging his violin "to general applause," as they used myotically to say.

Stephane Grapellies his  
wizard bow



As always in talking about so very good a band one is inclined to overbalance oneself away from consideration of the more solid joys of food, wine and comfort. And in a whole lot of places which exist



by their dancing, that is perhaps as well. But not at Hatchett's, where Gerold sees to it that no mere music shall overshadow the pleasures of the table for which Hatchett's is traditionally famed. Things aren't so easy nowadays for Gerold and his colleagues who have to satisfy the hungry Services without forgetting the shrunken larder. But at Hatchett's anyway, the Services and such others as can fit themselves into the Services' playground do not have to worry. To keep honourably within the rules and yet serve superlative food is made to seem easy when there's a master like Gerold in charge. Which is just another good reason for going there more often than you ever did.

### Maison Prunier

It is a matter of history that some thirty years ago a would-be customer of Prunier's in Paris was drummed out of the building when he said he didn't want oysters. For the original Prunier's started as an oyster bar, and that at a time when nobody in France thought very much of oysters as a delicacy. M. Prunier soon changed that, just as, more recently, his daughter has changed our English ideas about fish-eating by her superb presentation of "tout ce qui vient de la mer."

Nowadays, in fact, Mme. Prunier has elaborated so much on the joys of her father's original establishment that Maison Prunier in St. James's Street is thought of almost exclusively as a place in which to settle down to a first-class meal. All too few people realise that it still has an oyster bar and that in these hurried days Prunier solves the quick-lunch problem to perfection with a dozen or so of any item of their wonderful repertoire of oysters with maybe a glass of stout.

But those who really don't get on with oysters need have no fear that the intolerance of thirty years ago influences Prunier policy today. Instead they will find for their delectation such dishes as the Plateau Prunier, an assortment of marine delicacies en coquille such as only a Prunier could think up. To go with it, or with some pâté de lièvre or maybe more ambitiously with the day's poisson de chef or plat de gourmet, a fine vin rosé has now been added to the already generous assortment of wines you can get by the glass.

So much for the quick meal, which busy Whitehallers should note forthwith on their memo pads as an idea of the moment. For more leisure moments be it noted that a licence of air raids has involved no suspension of Mme. Prunier's Air-Raid Lunch, and that the Blackout Dinner is still in full function with accompanying to and fro taxi service.



Well organised oysters



Ahoy! Down the hatch for Spain!

Gib, and above all the West Indies. Among the wine-cask heads and bullfight posters and old Spanish lanterns—improvised by Señor Martinez and his Spanish staff themselves, but improvised with that touch of genius that puts everything subtly and exactly right—there are Spanish foods and Spanish wines, and the semi-tropical throbbing of Edmundo Ros' Cuban band, a compôte which takes one right out of wartime, fogged and frozen London to memories of better, more spacious days.

Escapist if you like, but who will grudge us such an evening's escape? Far better go along and taste (figuratively and literally) its delights for yourself.

### Restaurant Martinez

CAN it be that there's something about a companionway that a sailor can't resist? The casual spectator might think so if he watched the high proportion of the personnel of the Royal and Allied navies which troop nightly down the companion (for such it can only be called) into Señor Martinez's newly opened vaults.

But let that casual spectator cease to be casual and a spectator. Let him in fact follow the fleet. Then he will realise that there's a great deal more than a touch of the sea to explain Martinez's popularity with the sea-dogs.

More than likely, the appeal lies in a reminiscence of pleasant peace-time stations

—Gib, and above all the West Indies. Among the wine-cask heads and bullfight posters and old Spanish lanterns—improvised by Señor Martinez and his Spanish staff themselves, but improvised with that touch of genius that puts everything subtly and exactly right—there are Spanish foods and Spanish wines, and the semi-tropical throbbing of Edmundo Ros' Cuban band, a compôte which takes one right out of wartime, fogged and frozen London to memories of better, more spacious days.

Escapist if you like, but who will grudge us such an evening's escape? Far better go along and taste (figuratively and literally) its delights for yourself.

### The New Queen's

The Cresta nowadays is a sad memory and a bright but distant hope to most of us, but to a good many it can also signify a solid reality or at least a prospect no more distant than the next leave. For the Cresta Bar at the New Queen's, in Leicester Square, is still very much of a going concern, though out of deference, maybe, to current conditions the pair of skis which used to adorn it have now come down. Or maybe they've just been pinched by an enthusiastic souvenir-hunting customer, like the gentleman who got clean away with the Queen's unique (in England) five-litre stein (Air Ministry communiqués please copy).

Anyway, the Cresta Bar, whose decor (apart from the skis) was always rather remote from winter sporting, is drawing people in from the blackout as fast as when the neon proclaimed it to the world.

And much the same people, bright people, young people, Cresta-minded people, not a few of them now with the D.F.C. or suchlike up to keep company with the



Warrior George in the Cresta Bar

(Concluded on page 324)

## THE MAY FAIR HOTEL

BERKELEY ST., W.1

Tel. MAYfair 777

### RESTAURANT

### VIKING BAR (Scandinavian Specialities)

Situated in the heart of Mayfair, three minutes' walk from Piccadilly and the Green Park

#### Minimum Prices:

Single rooms and bath	-	-	-	-	15/-
Single rooms and private bathroom	-	-	-	-	21/-
Double rooms and private bathroom	-	-	-	-	32/6

Special Terms to members of H.M. Forces and their families

DANCING and CABARET every evening (Sundays excepted) to JACK JACKSON and HIS ORCHESTRA in the official Air-Raid Shelter

★ OPEN AS USUAL

THE NEW



BRASSERIE

FULLY LICENSED FOR LUNCHEONS AND DINNERS

Dancing to Java and his Orchestra

NEXT THE EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE.

Dance TO THE

## HATCHETT'S

RESTAURANT PICCADILLY

★ Swingtet ★

featuring DOROTHY CARLESS Guest Artist: STEPHANE GRAPPELLO

Dancing from 8.30 p.m. to Morning

PRIVATE AIR RAID SHELTER

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ESTABLISHED 1800

## GROUSE BRAND WHISKY

- a heritage from the highlands

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON, LTD., PERTH, SCOTLAND.



# Round the Restaurants

Continued from page 323

D.C.M. which waiter George won at Ypres during his second war. Now in his third, George, as might be expected, varies his waiting with roof spotting.

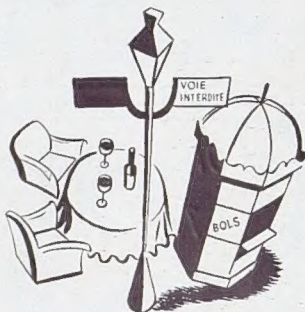
For why, the ignorant may ask, do these people make the Queen's their hunting ground? Let the ignorant go along and be won over himself. Good beer on draught, good wines by the glass, the cocktails that Charlie shakes in the bar downstairs, good food and Java's music in the brasserie, informality, comfort, service, friendliness, economy; it's simply a list of desirable qualities for bar or restaurant, and the Queen's has them all. That's why you meet your friends there.

## The Bon Vivreur

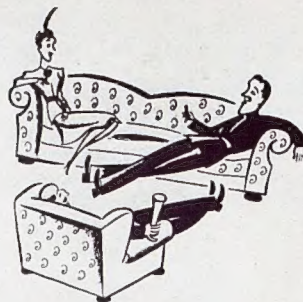
It has long been the considered opinion of this column (with due acknowledgments for the phrase) that stringent rationing and shortage of supplies is just the thing to make really good restaurants indispensable. Places which used to buy hunks of even the best meat and bang it through the kitchen to your table, now have the poverty of their culinary imagination properly shown up, while those where artists of the kitchen have always dealt tenderly and carefully with their material need never fall down on the job.

All which being so, it is more than ever good news that the Bon Vivreur Club (which must have one of the most distinguished lists of members in all London) has opened up again, though at present for luncheon only. Of course the word has gone round and already Davico is besieged by his old friends, long homesick for the "Voie Interdite" and the friendly reminiscent kiosk.

Homesick too for the Bon Vivreur's food and wines, for that skill which nowadays extracts the last ounce of goodness from the food we get and serves it so temptingly that rationing no longer vexes. Another bit of France is with us again, and let us rejoice therefore.



Boulevard Davico



The Tavern for relaxing

thing be surprising if you don't meet one of your own squadron, battery or company or merely mob there, probably feeling just the same way about things. Then it's a party.

And let that party get going with a meal upstairs, where Oscar continues to do marvels of economical food-serving, and it's an evening. In fact whether you plan to use Shepherd's as a meeting place (which is a better idea than most) or just to pop in for a solitary quick one, you're not likely to want to move on to the next place for a good long time.

So my advice is do just that, but don't make any plans you can't break for later on.

PETER HUME

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "TATLER AND BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON FEBRUARY

Name { Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
          { Miss \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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At all Children's Outfitters and Departments. Write direct for illustrated folder of styles to: J. H. Lindsay and Co., (Lindsay Maid), Ltd., 191 Argyle Street, Glasgow



## MARTINEZ RESTAURANT

Swallow Street, Piccadilly, W.1

Reg. 5066

OPEN FOR LUNCH AND DINNER, Sunday included.  
No music. International cuisine—especially Spanish.  
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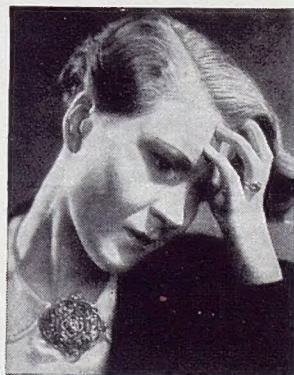
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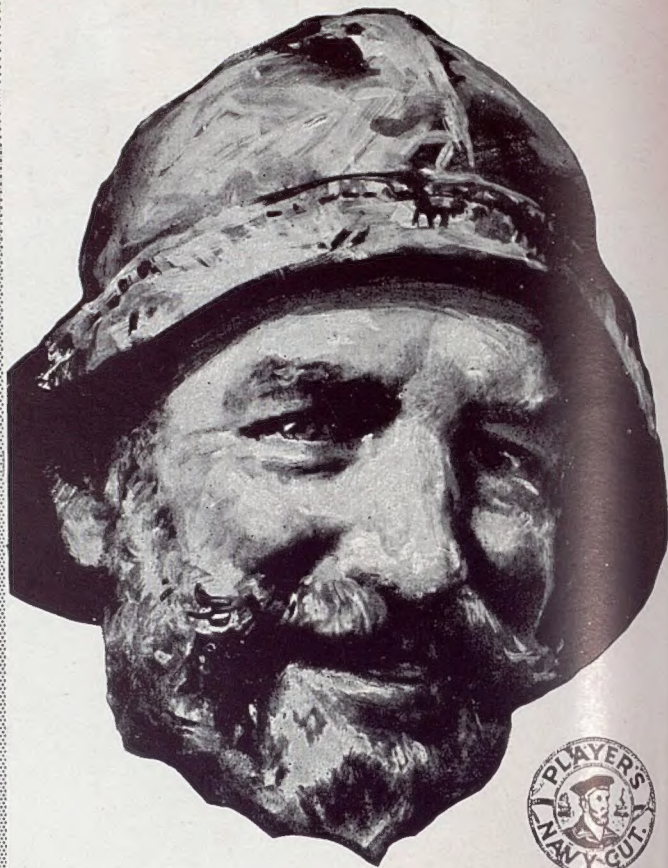
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